

Handwritten signature or initials



1891
1892

Dec. 31, 1914. Arrived in Southern
Pines 7.16 A.M. - 16 hrs. from N.Y.

Jan. 27 - 15

long cross country tramp.
Came across acres of cotton left
standing - No market because
of war. Passed thru vineyards -
40 acres of them. New industry in
N.C. only about 4 yrs. old.
In talking with a workman on
the place he informed me that
there were 300 acres of vineyards
already and it was planned to
have a thousand acres. Owned
by Western people. A winery
is about a mile off I was told
where the juice is extracted, but
on account of State law no wine
is manufactured in State.
Chicago man - Reinhart, I think -
was the first to come in & buy
up the land - left after the
"slaughter" of the trees. Bought it
for a dollar an acre.

Saw some buzzards flying
about. They circle about very

much like hawks. Dr. Flatman
was much amused when I said to
him a few days after our arrival -
"You have plenty of hawks down
here." "Oh," he replied, "those yer
things are bustards. State law
against shooting them as they
are great scavengers."

Skilling is a poser for the earkeepers
to pronounce. Their speech organs
make Schilling come easier.
It was comical when at Table one
morning to hear Dinah in the
kitchen working off a grouching
mood on Ada. Getting hard up
for "water" Dinah picked up
Ada's pronunciation of Skilling.
"Not 'Sk. Schilling," said she
"Mr. Killing. Killing. I tell
you."
If you want to get on the
bent side of Dinah, just
call her Miss Dinah.

Southerners say - ~~They~~ Miss is the first name, and it really sounds nice. A six year old was writing the past week to Miss Bettie Munroe, and began: My dear Miss Bettie.

So we have here at "Camp Glad-morn" Miss Daisy Hicks, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Danie Munroe and Miss Bettie Munroe, and the "Princess."

Prairie Schooners

On the horses - apologies for them - in this "country." Have to import practically all hay.

At places for public gathering where negroes & whites are both admitted, they always sit in separate places reserved for them. Only exception is nurse girls.

The New South. Jan. 30. On walk into town
this AM I hear band ahead. Man told me
there was sale of land at 10 AM in Major's lot
near town to N. Y.

Advertisement in Sand Hill Citizen Feb 26/15.

Mules for Sale.

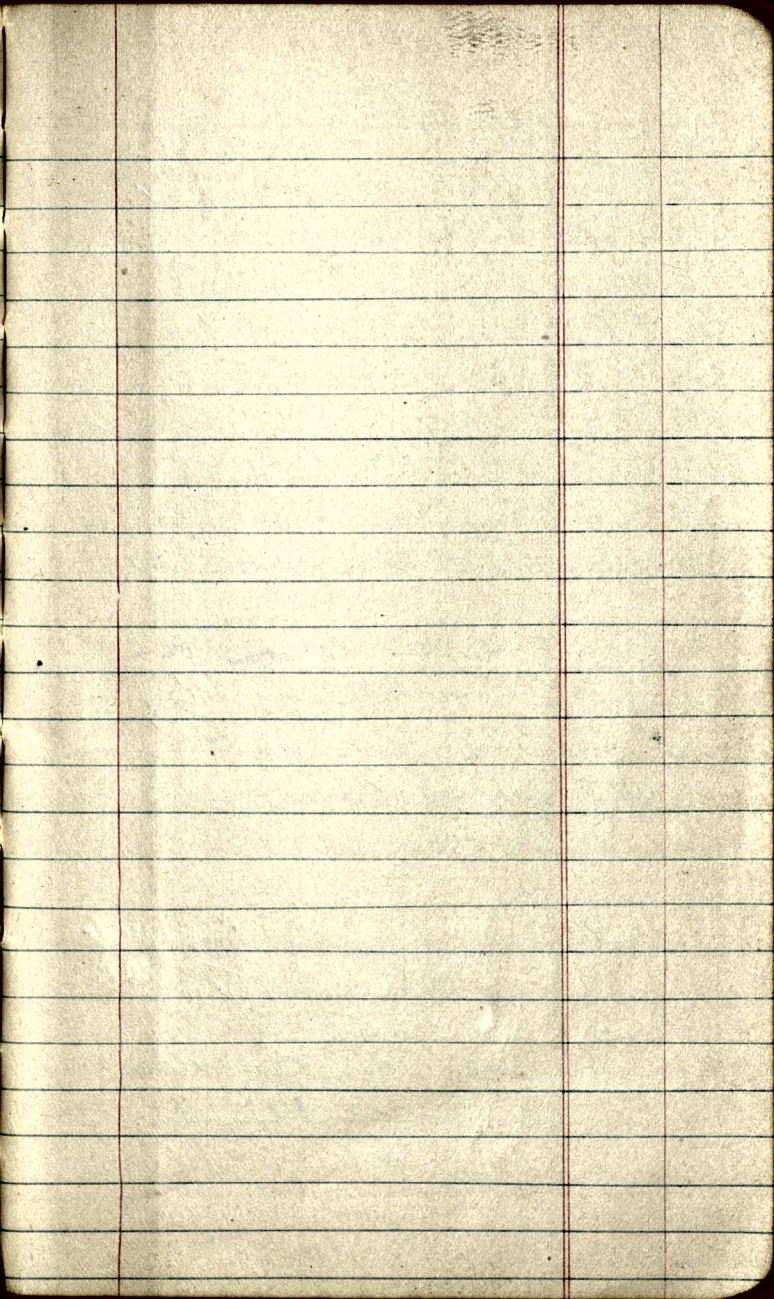
If it is a mule you want,
come & see me. I have
good lot of mules on hand
& keep them during the spring

Feb. 28, 1915. This Sunday P.M.
on my after-dinner walk into
town, I notice how the green
tips are just starting out on
the bushes along the old rail-
road bed that I traverse just be-
fore striking Broad St. A good
number of ~~the~~ shrubs & trees
are showing the leaf buds just
pushing out their green tips -
some indeed already bursting.

Mar 2. Had a most delightful ^{surprising} ~~surprising~~ call from the Wrights ~~today~~.
They were on the way South
& Florida and this morning
I went over to see them. It was
the 7.16 train for Savannah.
Prof. W & I had a good tramp
up the Weymouth woods for
over two hours and in the
P.M. with Mrs. W we
re traversed the same walk
and then ~~was~~ "did" Jintown
in all a two & a half hour
jaunt.

The leaf buds are beginning
to burst on the trees and
the green shoots just beginning
to push out of the ~~the~~ sandy
soil.

Mar. 2. Walk to Aberdeen the
adjoming town this PM
with Mr. Geo. Calderwood
of Biddeford Me. who has
a pretty bungalow here.



We have two Russian Jews
here - Janpole & Broder
I manage to keep no amused
in one way or other.
The other day he said: 'Do
you think my wife
would come here, why I
gave her a \$3000 diamond
ring. She would not be
seen here. Money is his God.'

Today at dinner he was be-
rating the Eng. Lang. Why
from the talk you can't
tell the diff. between
sheep & cheap.

Broder planning a grocer
"Oh I know what the use

not pulled off one wing
Apr. 16 - Broder caught a beautiful golden wing
note this A.M. Nurse told him they were
worth \$5. Forthwith he offered it to her
for \$4.98! First question
Jews perpetually ask. How much?

"Tar-heels" of No. Carolina.
Sand ^{baggers} ~~baggers~~ of So. Carolina
"Crackers" of Georgia.

Mar. 11/15.

Darkey is inclined to work.

"Ain't got nothing, don't want
nothing & nothing" from nothing
leaves me."

Mr. George Witte, a Hanoverian
whose acquaintance I made
about a month ago, told me
he said to a darkey at Savannah

"I'll give you a quarter to
carry my valise to the sta-
tion. Will you do it?"

"No, Suh, said the darkey, A
gint a quarter."

Mar. 15-15. Gala Day!

Ethel dressed for first time since coming here Dec. 31 & out in dining room to dinner! No unfavorable after effects. Sure she have struck the Highway.

Mar. 21 - Second Gala Day.

Ethel performed again today for the 2nd time very successfully.

March 22 - 3rd Gala Day.

Every Day Gala Days!

March 29 - Ethel was dressed both for dinner & supper. For the first time since coming here she was at supper in the dining room tonight.

Mar. 31 - The Snow Storm of
the Season here - Water
have been six inches - A
milder New England storm
took several feet of
it. Sun came out before noon
& away went the snow.

Called at the Bonds in
the P.M. & saw the start
of a new hunt.

Also called on Mrs &
Miss Chatwick.

Apr. 1 - So glad cold Mar. is gone!

Apr. 4 - Easter Sunday.

Blizzard during night & yes-
terday - 12 in. of snow -
worst storm in history
of Sand Lake.

Apr. 7 - Hot - 88 in shade
at noon

Apr. 8 - First day Ethel
walked along piazza.

"I'm glad to get ^[rid] shut of
that bed." said Miss Stencie
who had just taken Miss
Danie's room & bed.

What pleasant musical voices the
darkies, one & all I. have!
Even Dinah when grumpy
is musical!

Southern people generally
have musical voices - very
noticeable how much
better they are in general
than northern voices.

The past week
all the nation are excitedly in-
terested at the victory of the
populist William over nigger
Johnson.

Apr. 10. The past week, two days
after Easter, we jumped right
into summer, out of a raining
blizzard & over 10 in. of snow
the first night & Sat. before
Easter. Never saw snow van-
ish so swiftly but quietly.
The first day of the week
was a bit enervating (for
me personally it was the
2^d day.) but later I
find it invigorating. It
is fine to go around with
coat & vest off. PM the
maximum temperature less
than 77-88; also most
agreeable to sleep under
no covers after shivering
then Mar.

Dr. Glickman says "We're
not going to have any spring
this year."

Wore Panama shoes for first
time today.

Wanted - To hear a Southerner
thank a colored person for
doing a favor!

The two Jews here do a lot
of jaiming; Diah the cook
also has a strong tendency ther-
to. Earnest, the colored chore boy,
who had been getting rather mean
than his share one morning
suddenly burst out in the
kitchen exclaiming - "I know
6' Union she's a good-nigger!"

Apr. 12. A beautiful June day.
Mrs. Rosenbergs passed on
this P.M.

Apr. 13. The Wrights treated us to
Surprise number two by stopping
off at Southern Pines on their
return North & taking dinner & sup-
per with us here at the Bar.

Apr. 16 - Had a tramp to Pinehurst today with "Rosy." Started soon after 2 and got back just before six. Auto overtook us about 3 miles from So. P. on our return & brought us home. Rosy invited in one of Mrs. Tufts' famous stems for corn-cobs! Took two pictures - of country club & my forestry log-cabin. Said to be a private residence.

Apr. 17 - My first horse back riding today! And what a fine exhilarating afternoon I have had! $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the saddle covering probably 12-15 miles. The first half-hour was struggle, the next fifteen minutes agony - then I got second wind & presto! - about a couple of miles south of Aberdeen I seemed to fall spontaneously into the right "hang" of the thing. The comfortable canter of "John Bunny" from Aberdeen to the

Sun. was a great delight.

Started (ish) up Weymouth
Hights then Weymouth road -
+ then a long swing thru the
woods south & west to Abbeys.
+ the Jan. Ethel photographed
me ~~at~~ John Bunn. Then
turned North toward Mauley.
I've certainly added a new
one to my list of recreations!

Apr. 19 - Rosenburger & I went
up & carting with Mr.
Gladman where the
factor selected a
lot.

Apr. 23 - Anna (the chambermaid)
was speaking to the nurse today
about her four children.
Why I don't know you were
married!
Anna, dropping her head replied. I won't.

Dinah the Cook has had
9 children + 7 (so called)
husbands. One day the Dr.
Wheeler was addressing her
as "Miss Pratt." But say Dinah
Dinah, he inquired, are
you an old maid or a
widow. Dinah chuckled
+ explained - Oh, I've
been a widow lots of
times.

Apr. 24. Red Letter Day! Ethel
had her first drive - over
into Jimtown with Dr. Glad-
mon.

Ethel's characterization of Jamie
the new cook - "fine except for
her cooking."

"The Princess" (a Jewess) tries to conceal her racial origin & her T.B's. Her mail to her friends is sent to her home first, to be mailed by her mother & likewise Mrs. Francis' (The Princess') mail goes first to her home to be mailed her - all of which takes place in the endeavor to carry out the fiction that she is at home this winter! A few weeks ago a ~~fr.~~ Mrs. Manley arrived with her brother-in-law. She too is of the Hebrew race & happens to be an old friend of the Princess. Thus it is likely that the fiction of not being sick will be exposed.

"You & Mrs. Spellings favor each other," said Mrs. Joy to me yesterday. I told her that was a new one for me - the expression & she explained that it meant to look like ca. other

Apr. 25. Rev. Mr. Gardner the
Baptist pastor in town held
services here today.

Apr. 26 - my second horseback
ride this P.M. 4 hrs. in
the saddle. I rode June
a handsome bay & Ray
Harris who accompanied me
rode "Billiken". No blisters
this time! Rode to Lake-
view, a beautiful resort
North east of So. Pine.

Met Mr. Geo. Callaway this
morning (Apr. 26). Said he
thought he saw me horseback riding
last week, but wasn't sure it
was I, because he is somewhat
near sighted. His daughter told
him the next day that she had
seen me walking and was sure her
father was right!

Apr. 28 - Roses in bloom in the gardens!

Apr. 30. 4 hrs in the saddle this
P.M. on "Chief." - Harris & I
rode thru Weymouth Woods, Aberdeen
& Pinehurst. Chief is the
easiest riding of the 3 horses I
have tried thus far, but a very
devil to mount!

May 1 - Ethel & I went a driving
this P.M. - wandered out
over the croquet grounds, sat
down on the seat & I read a
bit of "Penny" to her. Then
we swung into the path and
back to the piazza.

May 4. - Well! Well - Well!!

2.55 PM } A severe hail storm in
the Sunny South has just
passed over us, leaving the pi-
azza white with hail stones
~~the~~ "as big as marbles" Ethel
just remarked. The thermom-
eter has descended from 83
to 63, and the 20-degrees'
drop has cooled the air
most refreshing ly.

[Miss Bailey was in So. Pines during the season 1913-14.]

From "Contrary Mary" (by Temple Bailey)

"There's a schooner man who comes from the sandhills to the nearest market with his chickens ~~and~~ eggs. It is a 3 days journey & he camps out at night, sleeping in his wagon, building his fire in the open.

One day he passed me as I sat tired by the wayside & offered to give me a lift toward home. I accepted & rode beside him. And thus began an acquaintance that interests me, & evidently pleases him.

He is tall & loosely put together, this knight of the Sandy Road, but with the ease of manner which seems to belong to his kind. There's good blood in these sand-hill people and it shows in a lack of self-consciousness which makes one feel that they would meet a prince or an emperor

without embarrassment,
yet there's nothing of forward-
ness, nothing of impertinence.
It is a drawing-room man,
preserved in spite of
generations of illiteracy
& degeneration.

He is not an unpicturesque object.
Given a plumed hat, a doublet
& hose, he would 'look the-
part', and his manner would
fit in with it. Given good
English, his voice would
never betray him for what
he is. For another thing
these these people have pre-
served, is a softness of voice
& an inflection which is
Elizabethan rather than 20th
century American.

Having grown to know
him fairly well, I asked for
an invitation to visit his
home. I wanted to see where
this gentlemanly backwoodsman

spent the days that were now
lived on the road.

I carried a rug with me, &
slept for the first night under
the open sky. Have you ever seen
a southern sky when it was studded
with stars? If not, there's some-
thing yet before you. There's no
whiteness or coldness about
these stars, they are pure gold,
& warm with light.

My schooner-man slept
in his wagon, covered with
an old quilt. His mules were
picketed close by, the dog curled
himself beside his master, each
getting warmth from the other.

We cooked supper and
breakfast over the coals -
chickens broiled for our
evening meal, ham & eggs
for the morning. I took
brat with me, for Cousin
Patty warned me that I
must not depend upon

my squibs for food. Cooking
among these people is a
lost art. Cousin Patty be-
lieves that the regeneration
of the poor whites of the
South will be accomplished
through the women. "When
they learn to cook," she
says, "the men won't
need whiskey. When
the whiskey goes, they'll
repeat the law."

A mile before we reached
the end of our journey, we
were met by the children of
my schooner-squibs. Five of
them - two boys, two girls &
a baby in the arms of the
oldest girl. They all had
the gentle quick and rangy
the father - but they were
unkempt little creatures,
uncombed, unwashed, in sad-
colored clothes. "That's the
difference between the negro

and the white man of this region. The negro is cheerful, debonaire, he sings, he dances and he wears all the colors of the rainbow. An old black woman who comes home every week wore the other day a purple petty ~~coat~~ coat, with a scarlet skirt looped above it, an old green sweater & tied over her head, a pink wool shawl. Against the neutral background of Sandy Hill she was a delight to the eye. The whites on the other hand seem like little animals, who have taken on the color of the landscape that they may be hidden.

But to go back to my sad children. It seemed to me that in them I was seeing the South with new eyes, perhaps because

I have been away just long enough to get the proper perspective. And my life has been, you see, lived in the Southern cities, where one touches rarely the Primitive

The older boys are perhaps, ten & twelve, black-eyed & tow-headed. I saw few signs of affection or intelligence. They did not kiss their father when he came, except the small girl, who ran to him & was hugged; the others seemed to practice an incipient stoicism, as if they were too old, too settled for demonstrativeness.

The mother, as was usual, was like her children. None of them has the initiative or the urgency of the man. They are governed by the changes

conditions of their environment; his own as nature & the work keeps him alert & alive.

It is a desolate country, charred pines sticking up straight ~~up~~ from white sand. It might be made beautiful if for every tree that they tapped for turpentine they would plant a new one.

But they don't know enough to make things beautiful. The Moses of this community will be some man who shall find new methods of farming, new crops for this soil who will show the people how to live.

And now I come to a strange fairy-tale sort of experience — an experience with children who have lived always among these

charred pines.

All that evening as I talked, their eyes were upon me, like the eyes of little wild creatures of the wood - a blank gaze that seemed to question. The next day when I walked, they went with me, & for some distance I carried the baby, to rest the arms of the big girl, who is always burdened.

It was in the afternoon that we drifted to a little grove of young pines, the one bit of pure green against the white & gray & black of that landscape. The sky was of sapphire, with a buzzard or two blotched against the blue.

Here with a circle of the trees surrounding us, the children sat down with me. They were not a talkative group, & we all came with a sense of the impossibility of meeting

There on any common ground
of conversation. But they
seemed to expect something — they
were like a flock of little hungry
birds waiting to be fed — &
what do you think I gave
them. Guess. But I know
you have it wrong.

I recited "Hos Mecatorum,"
my Whittington poem!

It was done on an
impulse, to find if there
was anything there which
would respond to each the
rapture of words.

I gave it in my best man-
ner, standing in the center of
the circle. I did not expect
applause. But I got more
than applause. I am going
to describe the look that came
into the eyes of the oldest boy —
the nearest that I can come
to it was the look of a child
wakened from a deep sleep & gazing

wide-eyed upon a new world.

He came straight toward me. "Where - did you get them words?" he asked in a breathless sort of way.

"A man wrote them," a man named Hoegas.

"Are they true?"

"Yes."

"Say them again."

It was not a request. It was a command. And I did say them, & saw a soul's awakening.

Oh, there are people who won't believe that it can be done like that - in a moment. But that boy was ready. He had dreamed & until now no one had ever put the dreams into words for him. He cannot read, has probably never heard a fairy tale - the lore of this region is queer & ghostly, rather than lovely.

and poetis.

Perhaps way back, five, six generations, some ancestor of this lad may have drifted into London Town, perhaps the bells sang to him, & subconsciously this sand-hill chiel was illumined by this inherited memory. Somewhere in the back of his mind bells have been chiming & he has not known enough to call them bells. However that may be, my verses revealed to him a new heaven & a new earth.

Without knowing anything he is ready for every thing. Perhaps there are others like him. Cousin Paddy says there are girls. She insists that the girls need cook books, not poetry, but I am not sure.

I shall go again to the
Pines, & back that boy first by
telling him things, then I
shall take books. I have up
been as interested in anything
for years as I am in that
boy.

So, will you think of me
as seeing, faintly, The Vision?
Your eyes are deeper than
mine. You can see
farther; & what you see
will you tell me? -----

Roger Poole

[Who is writing the above letter
to Courtenay Mary. Eventually
manuscript.]

March while coming to the
North sharp winds & gray days,
bring to the sand hill country its
season of greatest beauty.

Straight up from the

unpromising soil springs the green
the pines bud & blossom, everywhere
there is the delicate tracing of pale
leafage, there is the white of
dogwood, the pink of peach
trees and of apple bloom and
again the white of cherry trees
and of bridal wreath. There
are amethystine vistas, &
emerald vistas and vistas
of rose and saffron —
the cardinals burn with a
red flame in the mag-
nolias, the mocking-
birds sing in the moon-
light.

It was then the awakened
world that Roger drove one
Sunday to preach to his
people.

He did not call it preach-
ing. To get his humility-gear
is no such important
name. He simply went
into the sand-hills &

talked to them who were
eager to hear. Beginning
with the boy, he had found
that these thirty souls
drank at every spring.
The boy listened breathless
to his tales of chivalry, the
men to his tales of what
other men had achieved,
the women were reached
by stories of what their
children might be, and
the children rose to his
tales of fairy books &
of colored pictures.

Gradually he had
gone beyond the tales of
chivalry & the achievements
of men. Gradually he
had brought them up
& up. Other men had
preached to them,
but their preaching
had not been linked
with lessons of living.

Others had cried "Repent," but
not one of them had laid
emphasis on the fact
that repentance was ev-
idenced by the life which
followed.

But Rags stood
among them, his young
face grave, his wonderful
voice persuasive told
them what it meant to
be saved. Planting hope
first in their hearts, he
led them toward the
Christ-ideal. Meanwhile,
he said, at its best was
- God-like; one must have
purity, energy, education
growth.

And they, who listened,
began to see that it was
a spiritual as well as
a practical thing to
set their houses in
order, to plant &

to tell & to make the
soil produce. They
saw in the future a
community ^{to which} ~~that was~~
orderly & law-abiding.
They saw their children
brought up out of the
bondage of ignorance &
into the freedom of knowl-
edge. But they saw
more than that - they
saw the Vision, faintly
at first, but with ever-
increasing clearness.

It was a wonderful task
which Roger had set for
himself, & he threw him-
self into his work with
flaming energy. He
had a buzzy & a
little fat head & spent
some of his nights
enroute in the houses
of his friends along
the way; other

nights - & these were
the ones he liked best -
he slept under the pine.
With John Ballard's Old
Bible under his arm & his
prayer-book in his pocket,
he went forth each week,
& always he found a
congregation ready &
waiting.

Over the stretches of
that barren country they
came & saw him sailing
in their schooner-wagons
toward the harbor of the
hope which he brought
to them.

Many in Letter to Roger:—

"Grace says there is plenty
of squalor here [in Washington]
to inform, but it doesn't
stick right out before
your eyes. So we forget
for I have forgotten.
Until your letter came
about the boy in the
pinks.

Every thing that you
tell me about him is
like a fairy tale. I
can shut my eyes &
see you two in that
circle of young pines.
I can hear your voice
musing in the stillness.

You don't tell me of
yourself, but I know
this, that in that boy
you've found an
audience — and he
is doing things for
you while you are
doing them for him.

x x x x x You must
tell me how the little
garden plots of the
children come on. Dirty
that was an inspiration.
I told Porter about them
the other night. He said;
"For Heavens sake, who
ever heard of begin-
ning with gardens in
the education of ignorant
children?" x x x x

I am eager to hear more
of them, & of you. Oh, I
yes, & of Cousin Paddy...
simply love her."

Depicts the Southern
woman of the South
x x x x

Ray in letter to Mary:

x x x x x my cousin
Paddy is the composite of
three generations. Find her
sweets & spices. She is as
domestic as her grand-
mother, but her mind

sweeps on to the future
of women in a way
which makes me gasp.

Politics are the breath
of her life. She comes of
a long line of Statesmen
& having no father or
brother or husband to
uphold the family tra-
ditions of Democracy,
she upholds them herself.
She is intensely interested
just now in the party
nominations. A split
among the Republicans
gives her hope of the
election of the Democratic
candidate. She's such
a feminine character
with her soft voice
and appealing manner. x x x x
In our meetings over the
little white boxes, we
raise questions of State
Rights & Free Trade

with our bridal decorations
& it seems to me that I
shall never go to a
wedding without a vision of
my little Cousin Patty
among her orange blossoms,
laying down her card on
current politics.

The negro question in
Cousin Patty's mind is that
of the Southerners of the
better class. It is not
these descendants of old
families who hate the
negro. Such gentlemen
do not of course, want
equality, but they want
fair treatment for the
weaker race. Find me
a white man, who
dances ~~about~~ with rabid
prejudice against the
black, & I will show
you one whose grand-
father belonged not

to the planter. Sent to the
cracker class, or a Northern
inner grafting on Southern
stock. Even in slave times
there was rancor between
the black man & what
he called "po' white
trash," & it still con-
tinues.

Sweeping through a country
of white sand & of charred
trees run hard clay high-
ways. When motor cars
from the cities & health
resorts began to invade
the pines, it was found
that the old wagon
trails were inadequate.
hence there followed experiments
which resulted in interlocking
orange-colored coats, through-
out the desert-like expanse.
It was on a day in

April that over the road
which lead up toward the
hills. Then sailed the
snowy - white canopy of
one of the strange craft
of that region - a
reboomer - wagon drawn
by two fat mules who
walked at a leisurely but
steady pace, seemingly without
guidance from any hand.

Yet that beneath the
hooded cover, there was
a directing power, was
demonstrated, as the
mules turned suddenly
from the hot road to a
[How hot it can be in Apr. E.S.]
wagon path beneath the
shelter of the pines.

It was strewn thick with
brown needles, and the sharp
hoofs of the little animals
made no sound. Deeper
deeper they went into

the wood, until the
swinging craft & its
clumsy steeds seemed to
swim in a sea of renewed
light.

On a breathing wave
of golden gloom where
the sunlight sifted in, to
anchor at last in a
still space where the
great trees sang one word.

Then from beneath the
canopy emerged a man in
khaki.

He took off his hat, &
stood for a moment looking
up at the great trees, then
he called softly, "Mary."

She came to the back
of the wagon & he lifted
her down.

"This is my cathedral,"
he said; "it is the place
of the biggest pines."

She leaned against him & looked up. His arm was about her. She wore a thin silk blouse and a white ~~check~~ shirt. Her soft fair hair was blown against his cheeks.

"Roger," she said, "was there ever such a honeymoon?"

"Was there ever such a woman — such a wife?"

After that they were silent. There was no need for words. But presently he spread a rug for her, & built their fire & they had their lunch. The mules ate comfortably in the shades, & rested throughout the long hot hours of the afternoon.

Then once more the
strange craft sailed on
On + On over miles of
orange road way, passing
now + then an orchard,
flaunting the rose-color
of its peach trees against
the dun background of sand;
passing again between ~~the~~
drifts of dogwood, which
show like snow beneath
the slanting rays of the
sun — sailing on + on
until the sun went down.

Then came the shadowy
twilight, with the stars
coming out in the warm
dusk — Then the moonlight
and the mocking-bird singing.

May 10 - Memorial Day in N. C.
May 12 -

Southerners don't ~~you~~ use the word "muggy." What do you say I asked Kelly at the dinner table today. "Oh we say 'sticky tolose,'" said he. But don't you have a colloquial word for it? I asked. Oh, sure, ~~just~~ murmured Mrs. Rouse in a whisper - he has lost his voice - We call it a ~~dam~~ mean day.

May 14. Horse back ride on
Alfie over the Sand Road,
then the peach orchard.
Visited "Ned's Cabin," - the
last word in ramshackle
tumbled-down dark
cabins. Took four pictures.
Waited for them to put
on their best - which was
little better than rags, with
the exception of the

short dandy black heliotrope
dress. Unfortunately Ned
himself was away.

The 15 yr. old boy played
on the organ & with his
younger brother sang
some ducky melodies.
It was fine melody. Some
of the most beautiful
music I ever heard.

Came home by way of Pinchard.

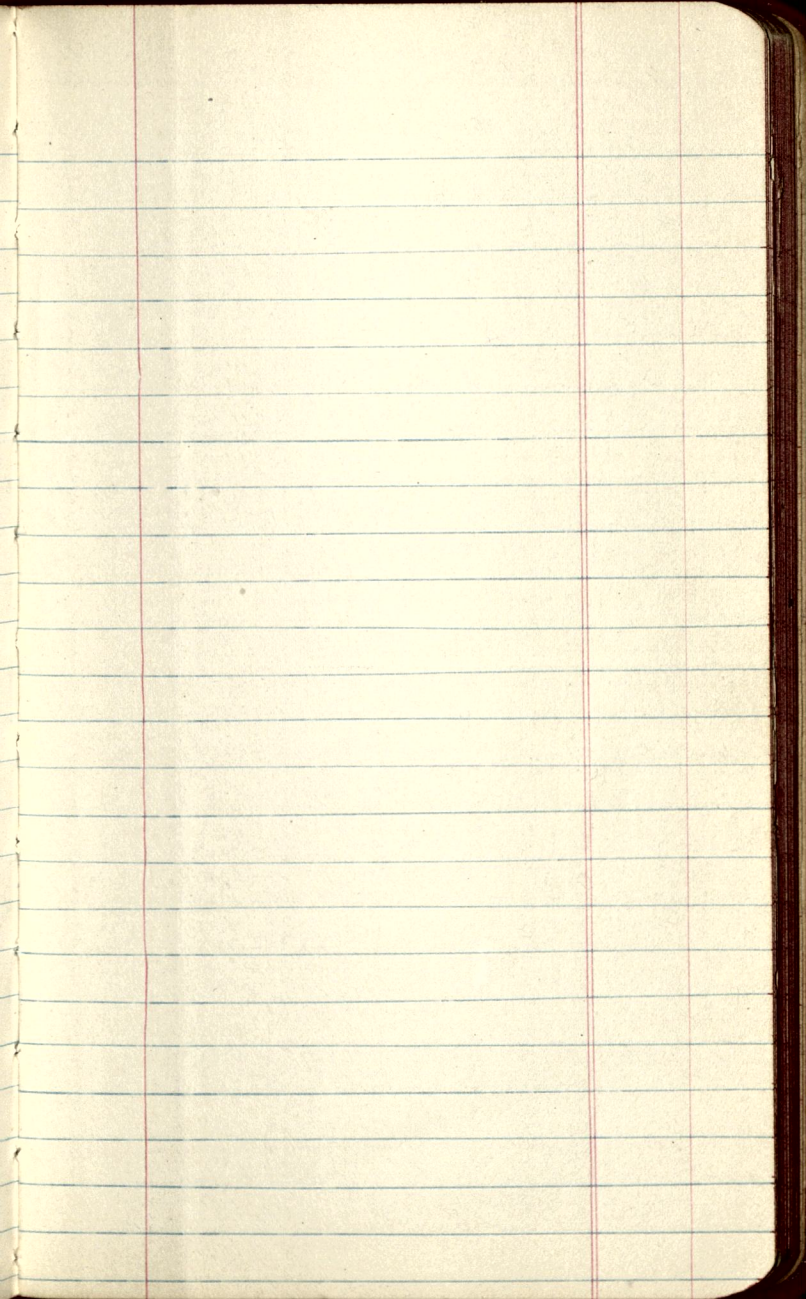
Thursday, May 19 -

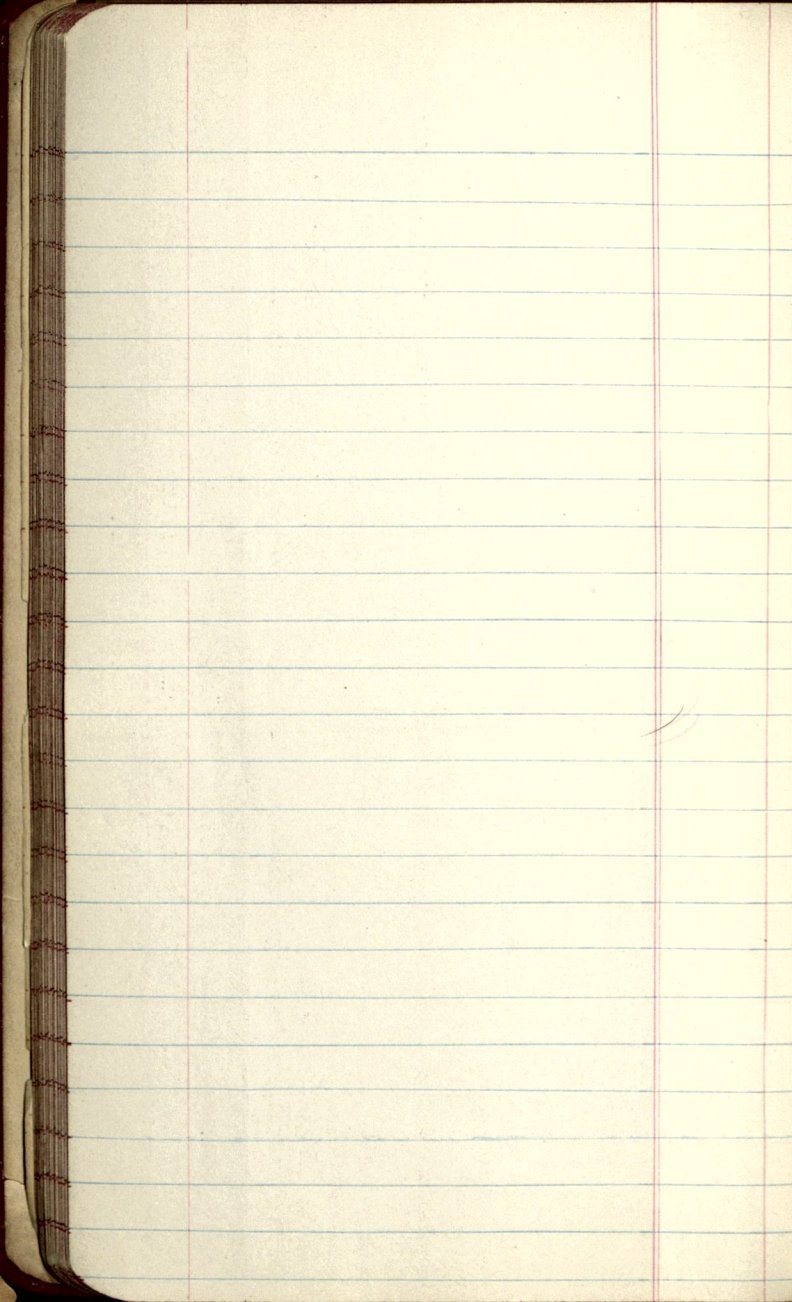
Left So. Pines on the
10.05 AM train for
Wilton, N.H. Arrived in
N.Y. 6 AM. In and took
the Keen Express at 10.50
AM. Stayed overnight in
Keene N.H. at the Cheshire
House (a fine one).

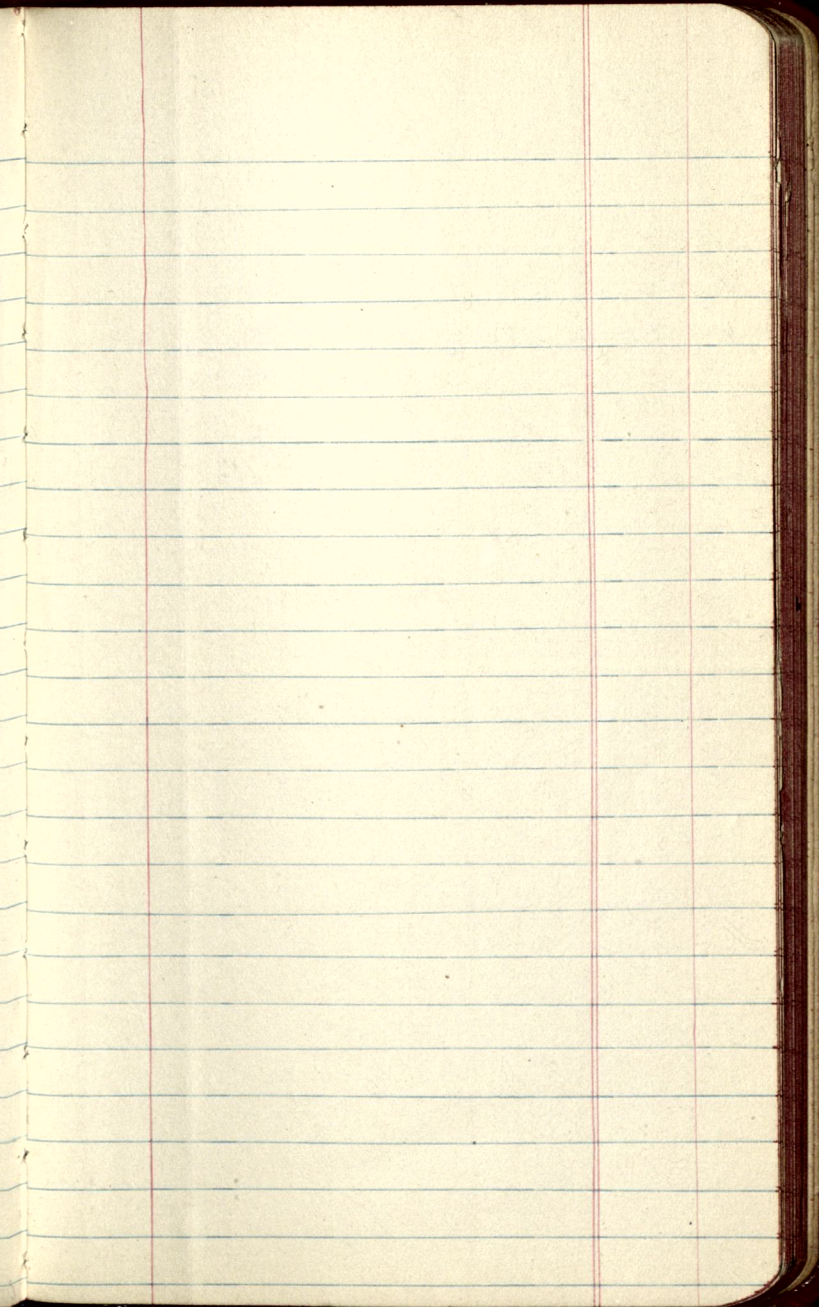
The long journey tired
Ethel considerably but
there were no worse
effects.

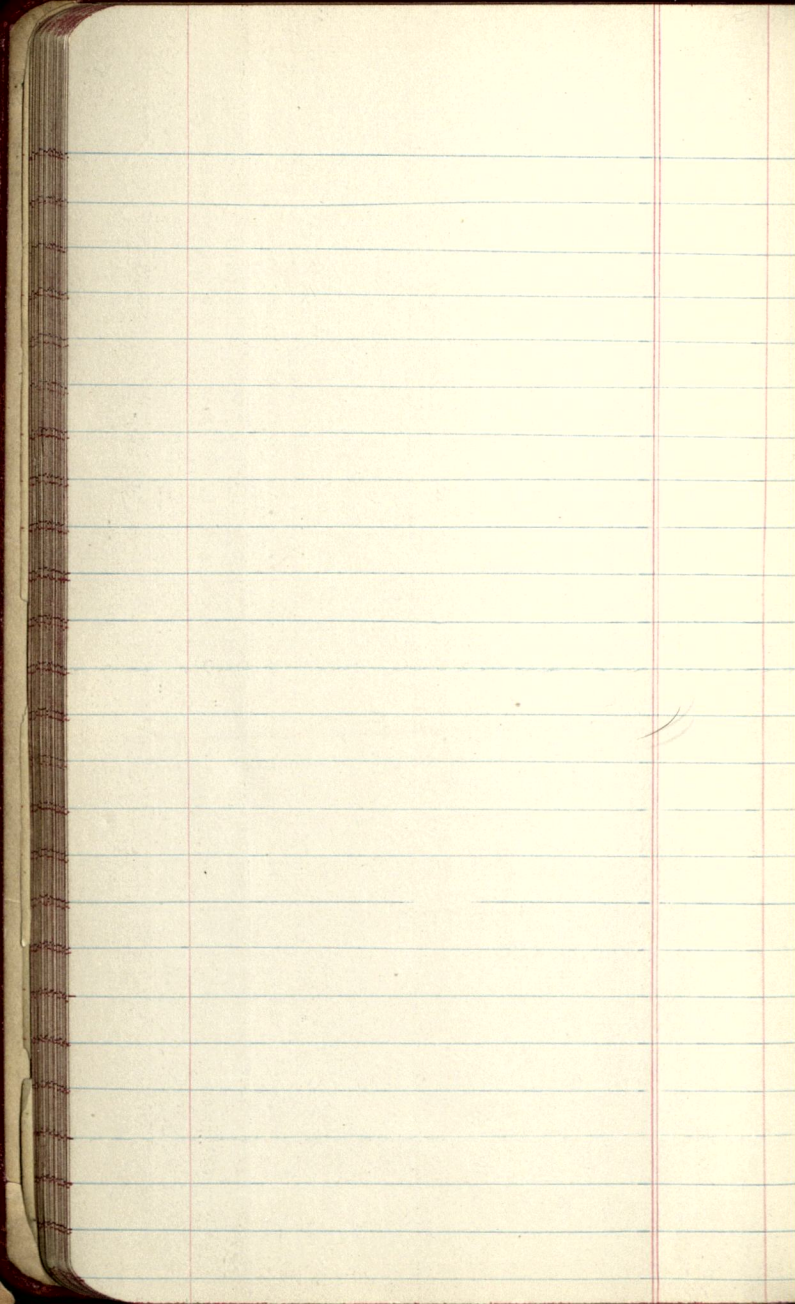
Wilton, R. H.

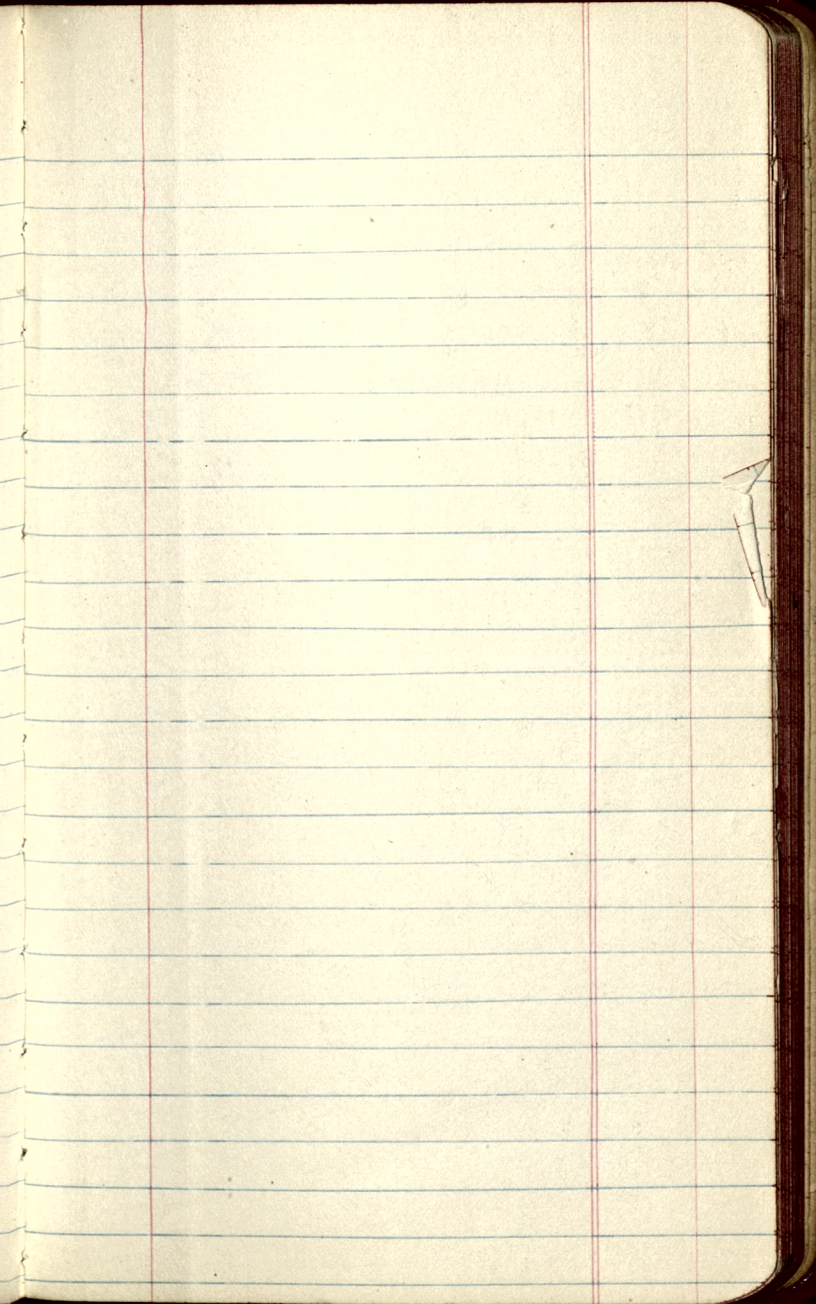
May 24.

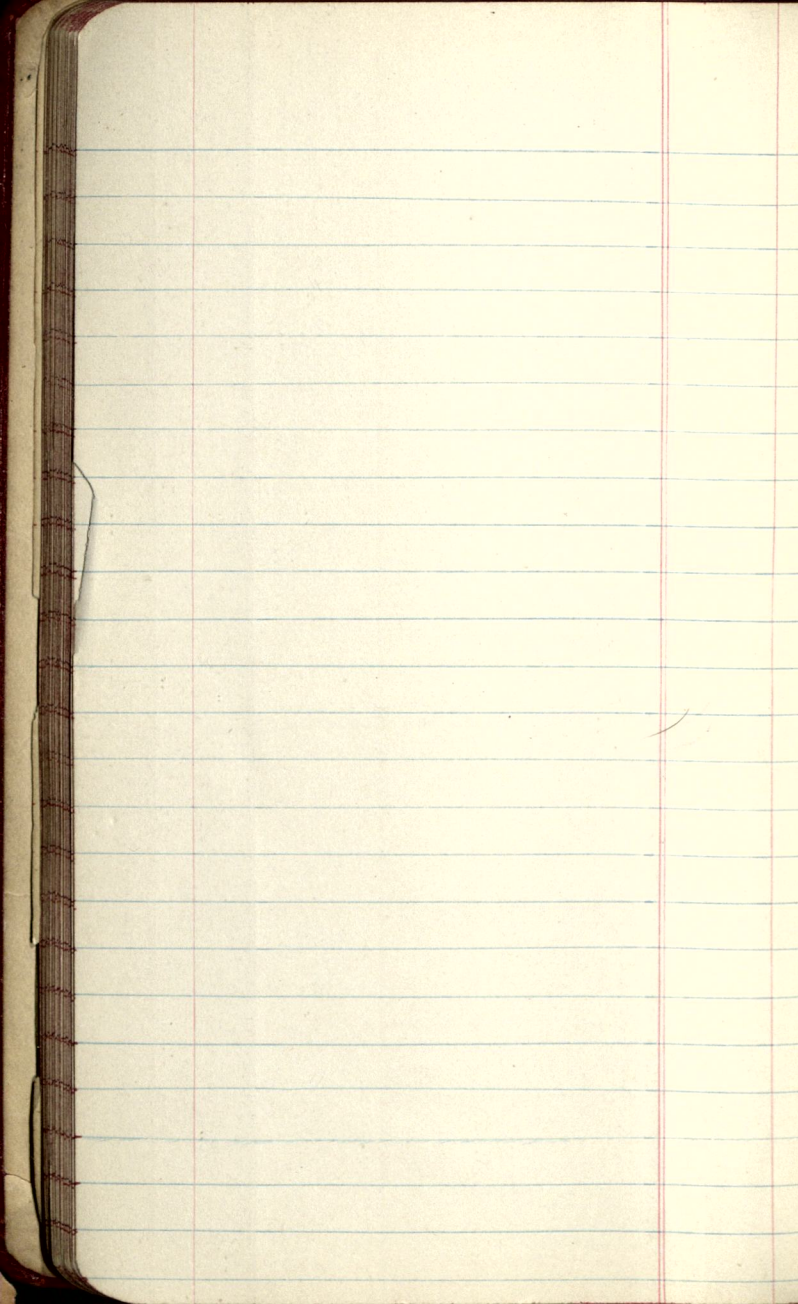


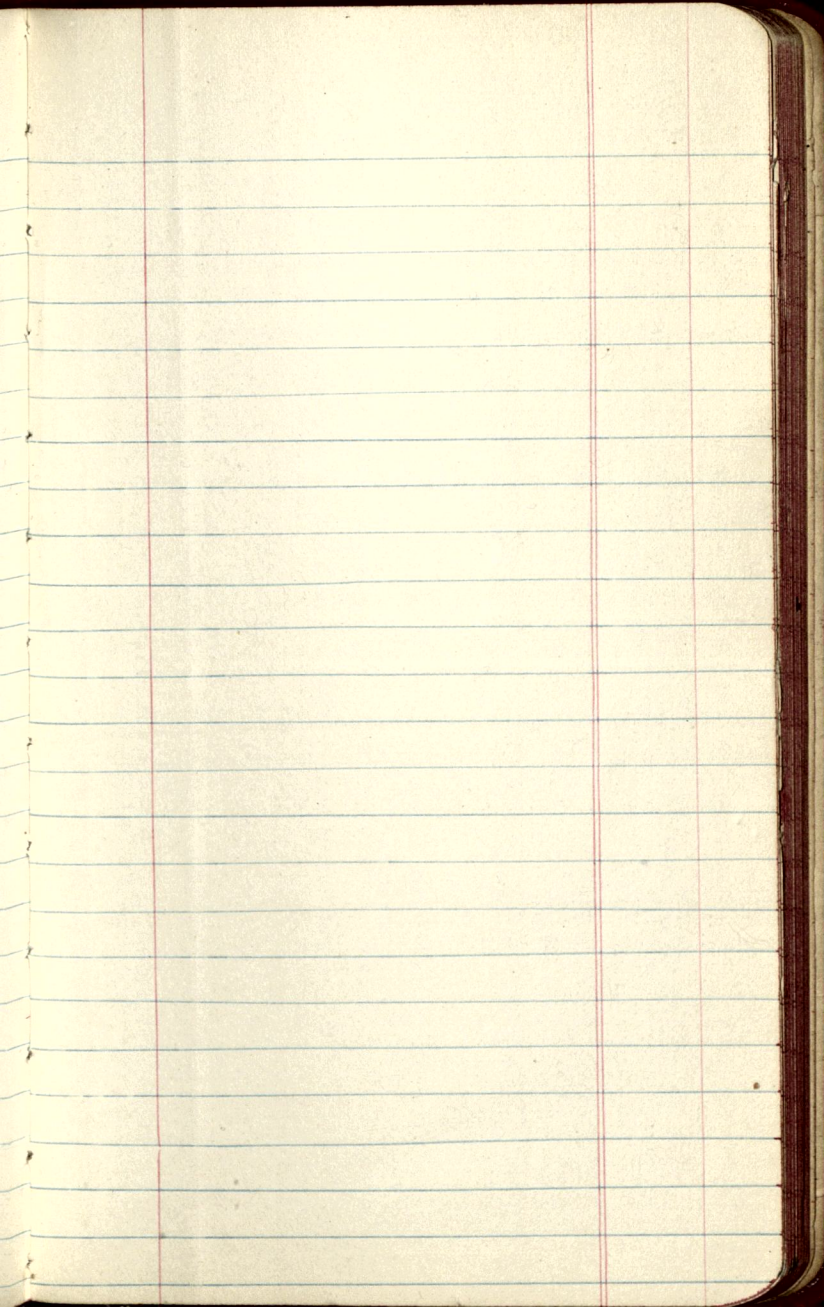


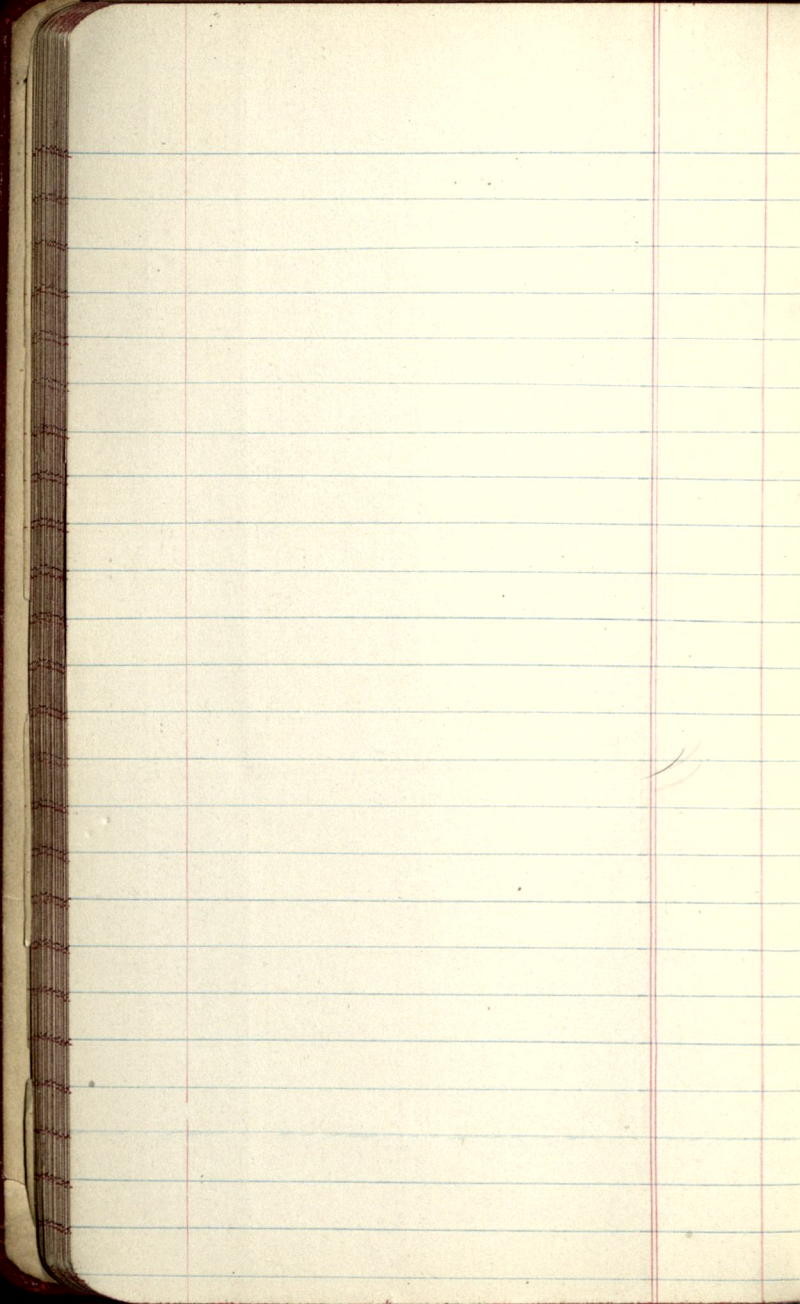


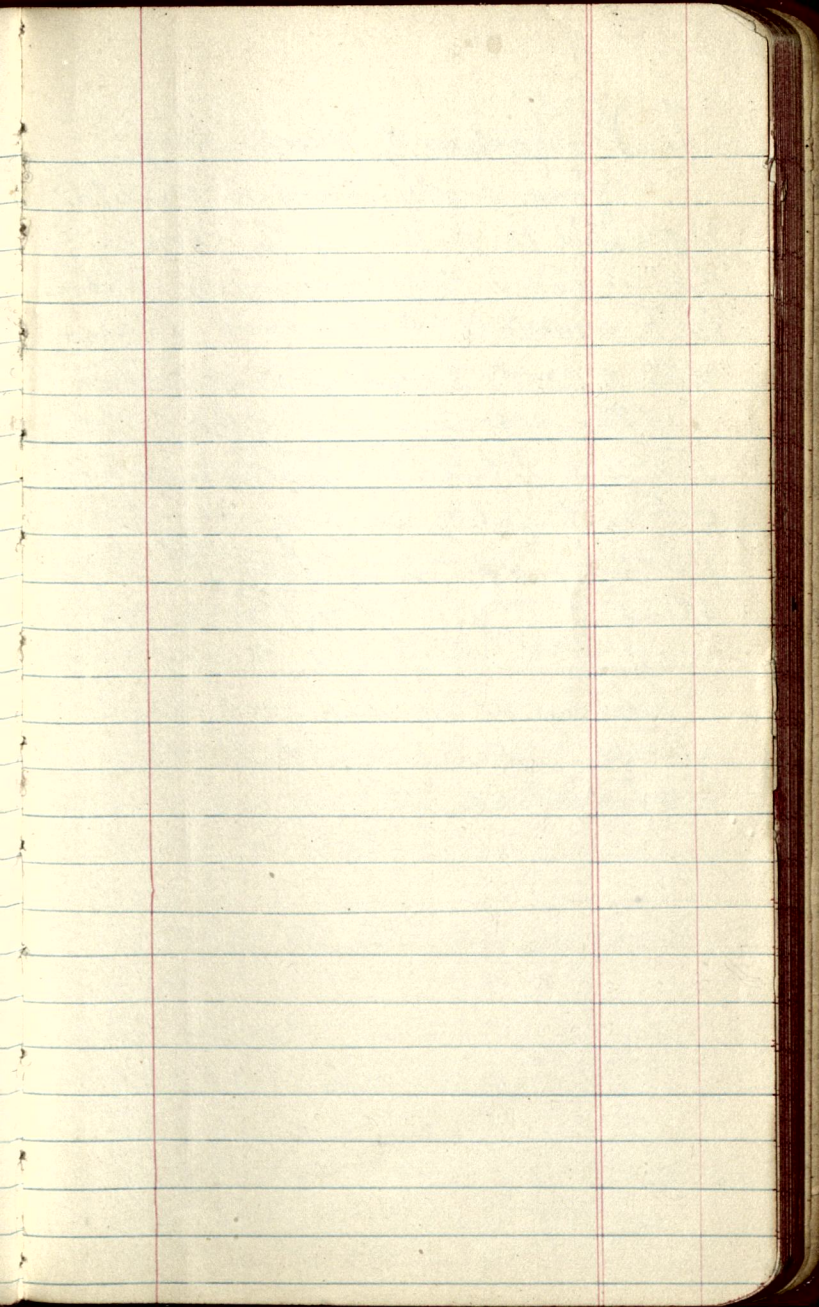












To Vt. Teachers of Mod. Langs:

Your cooperation is earnestly requested in furthering the object of the enclosed questionnaires, which is to ascertain the amount & character of mod. language instruction in the secondary schools of the State. Will you ^{kindly} answer as definitively & fully as you can the following questions. ~~Any~~ ^{on the subject} Any ideas & suggestions ^{which} you may feel disposed to add will be heartily welcomed and all names will be held strictly confidential.

Southern Provincialisms -

Irrektion

you all.

This yore road

Suh? Mam? Yes, mam

Your man's gone and done it.

Well, lady, how are you today -
put - putt

foh - four etc.

Mrs: Miz

how: hayow

Cow - peas - Dr. I called them

Cayow peas and it sounded al-
most like Cal-peas.

Mr. Turner, one of the patients said
Gowdy & I thought he said
Garrity

"The Dr. thinks the Saw, will soon be
full up."

right Smart

man feet - my feet.

"The mail due come" (Dr Winchester)

"Come in here and let me tell you
what I had to tell you." (Dinah)

Southerners answer {Yes, ma'am)
{Yes, sir} always
putting on the sir & ma'am,

Miss Dorothy, Miss Densy,
Miss Betty, Miss Annie
using first name instead of last.

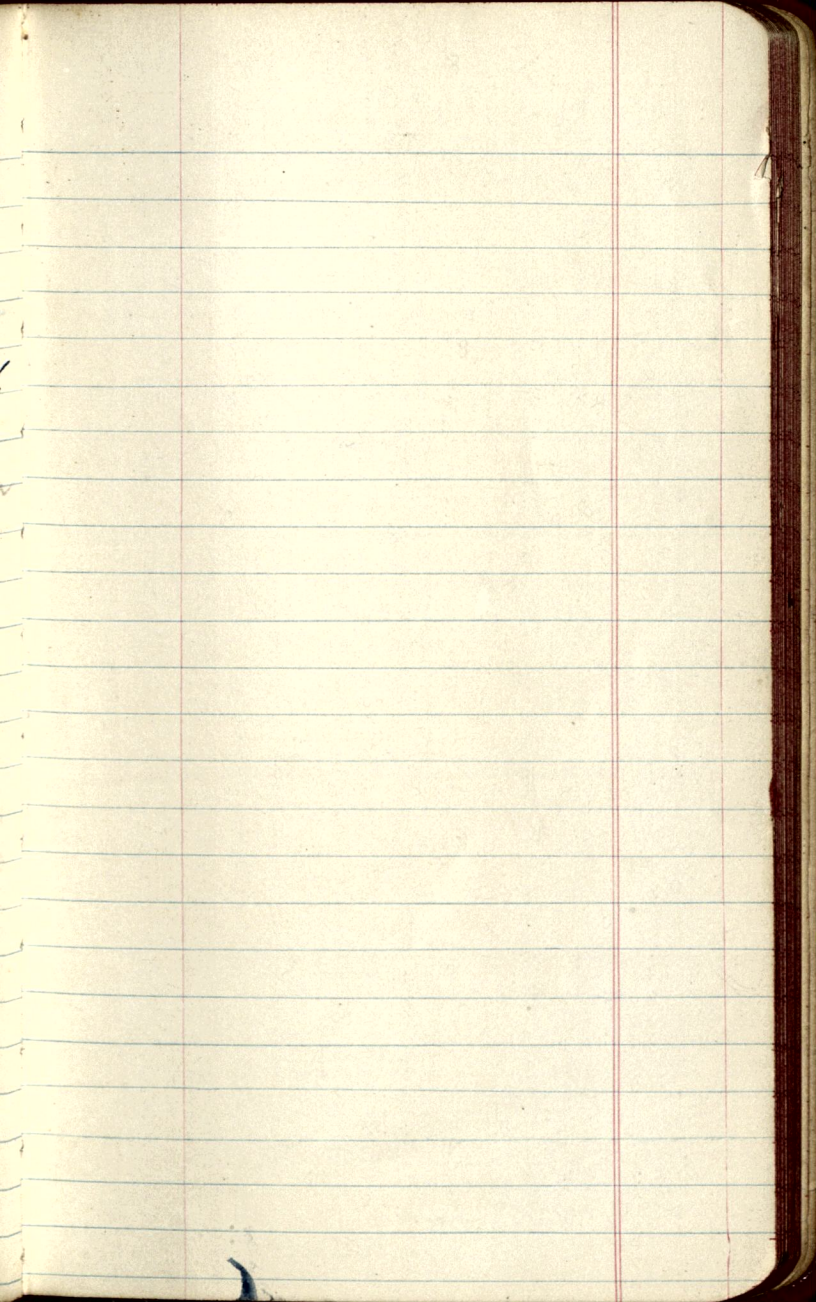
It wasn't fotten to wear (Mrs. Brown)

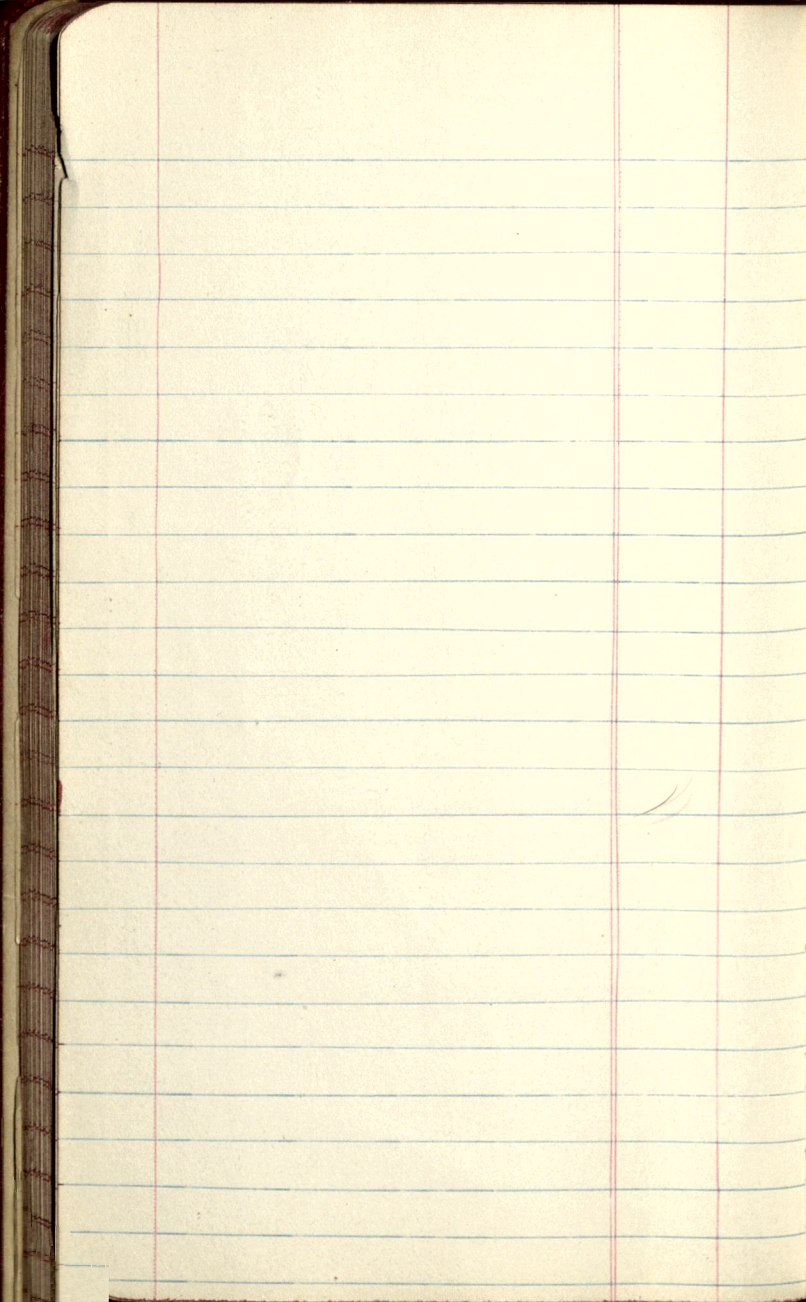
I don't guess - the

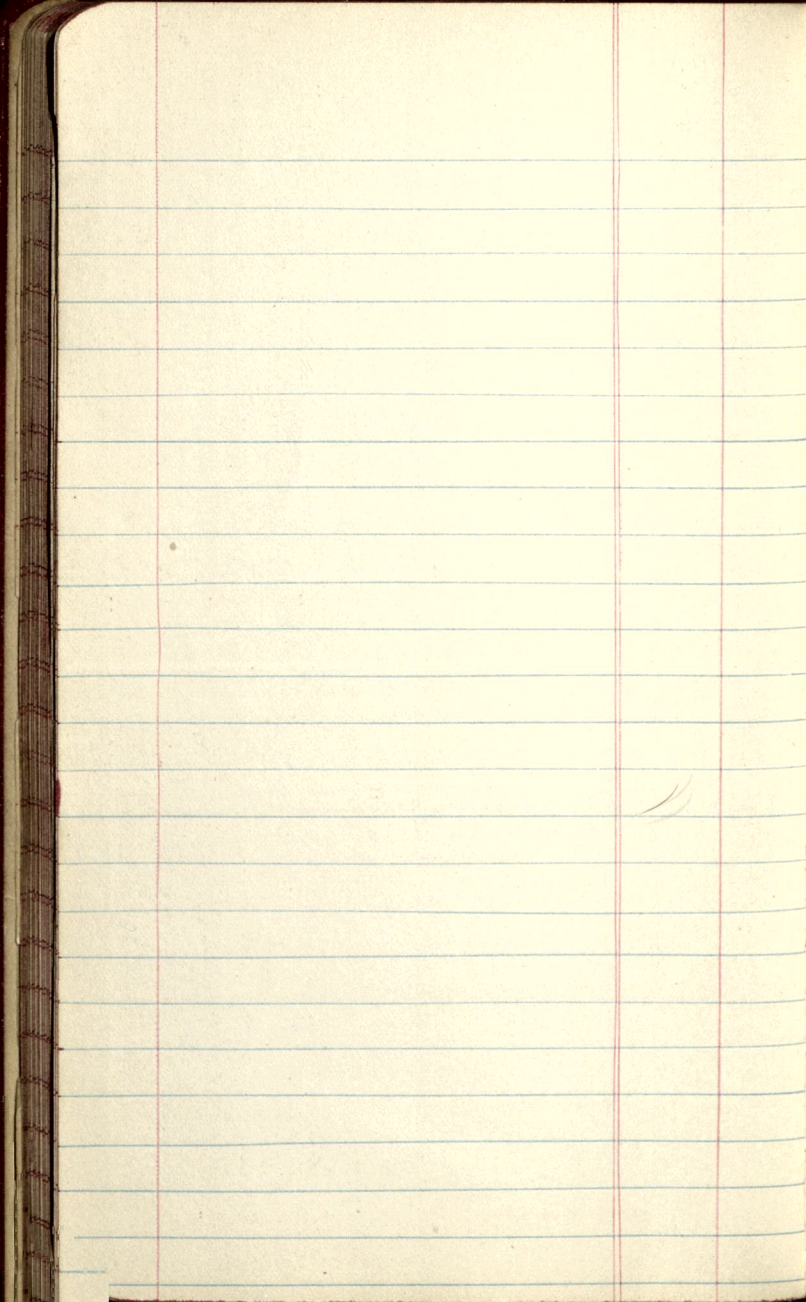
his right leg off.

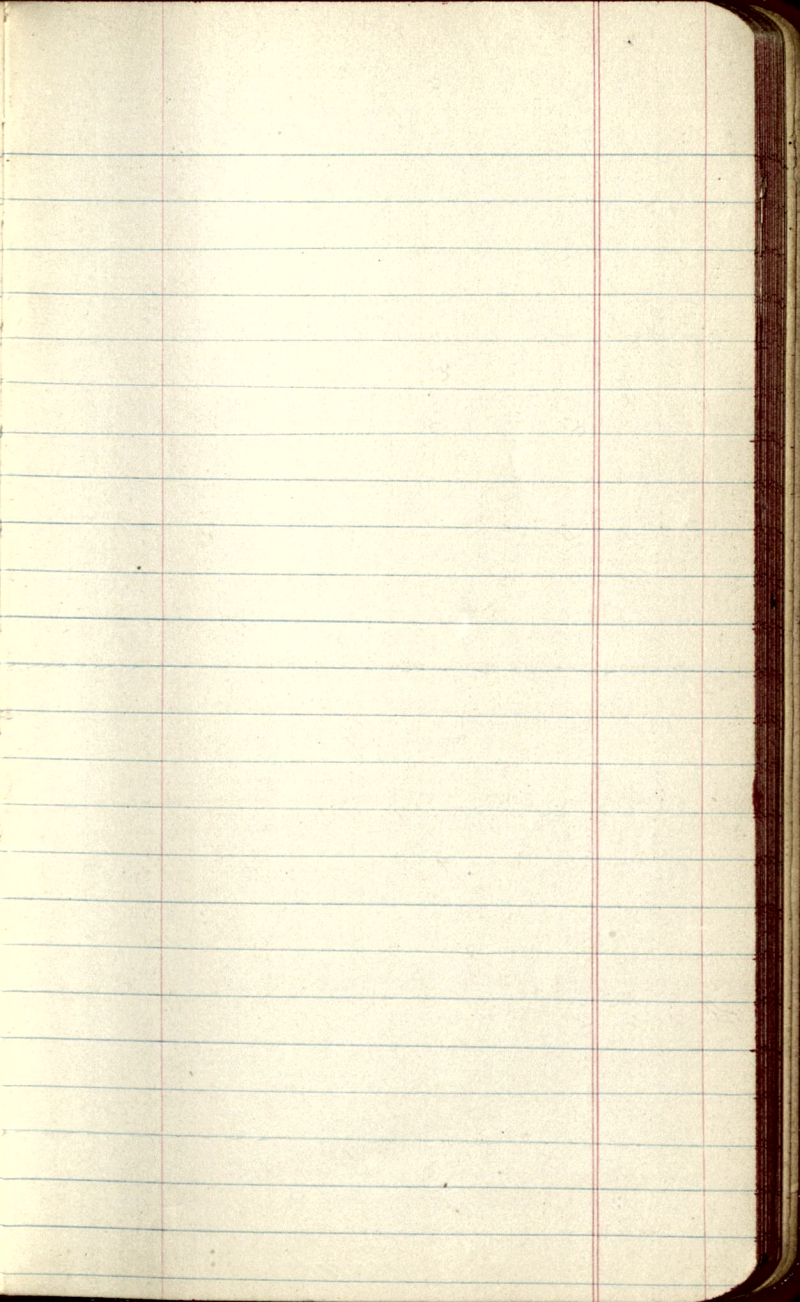
He come by.

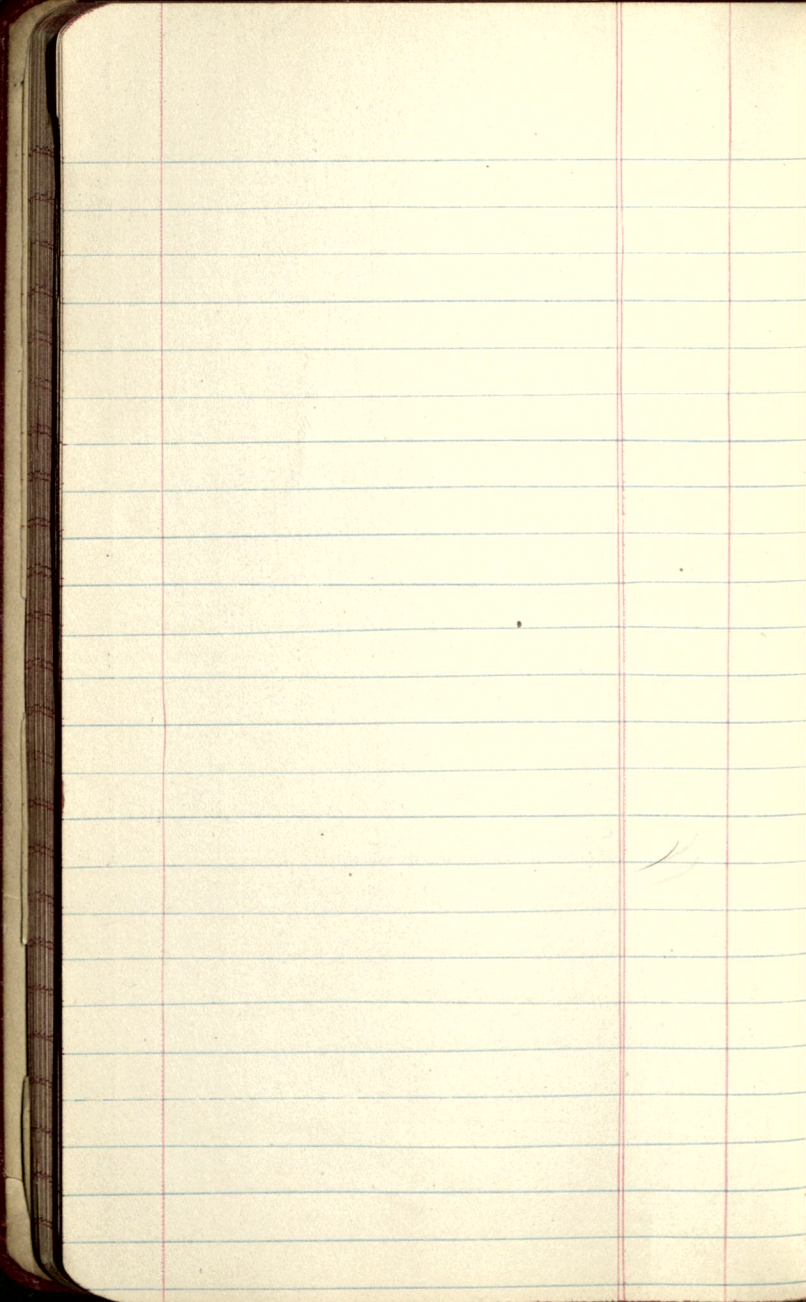
Will you stop by?

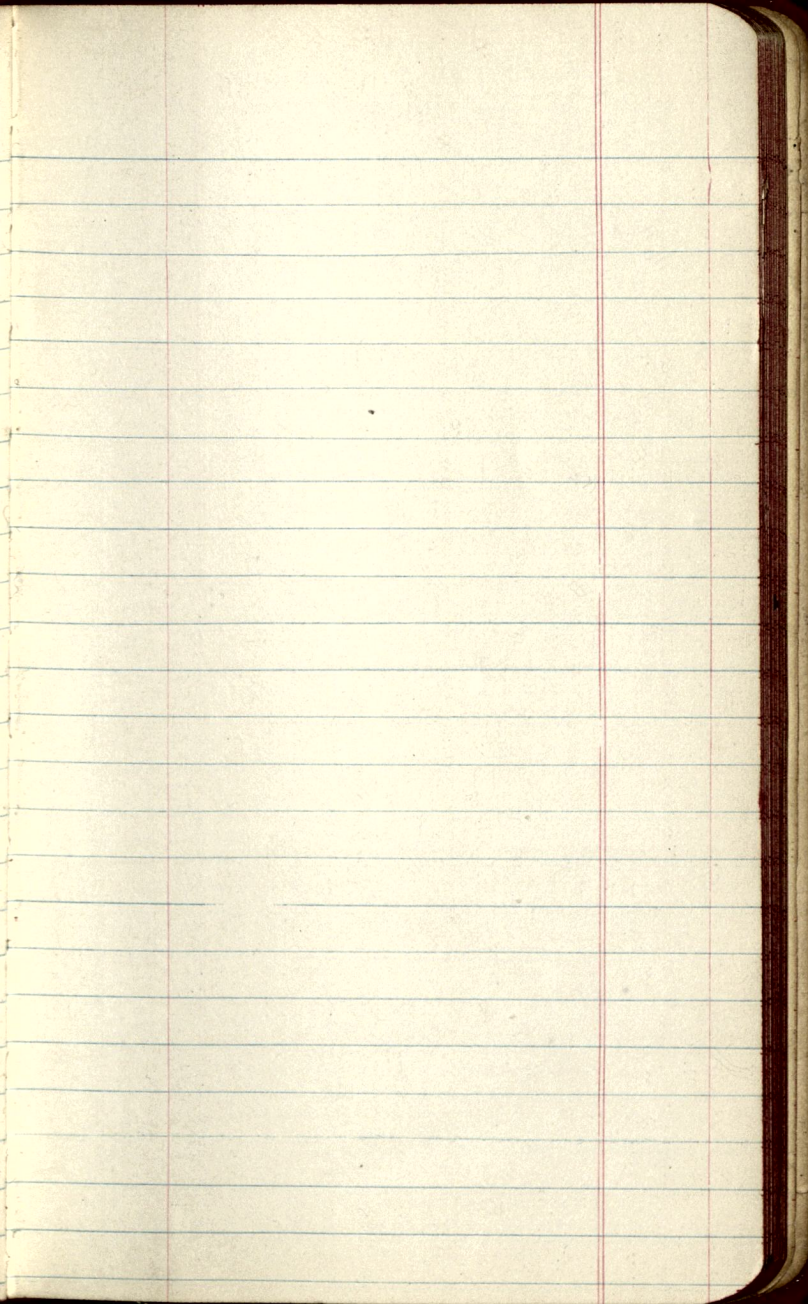


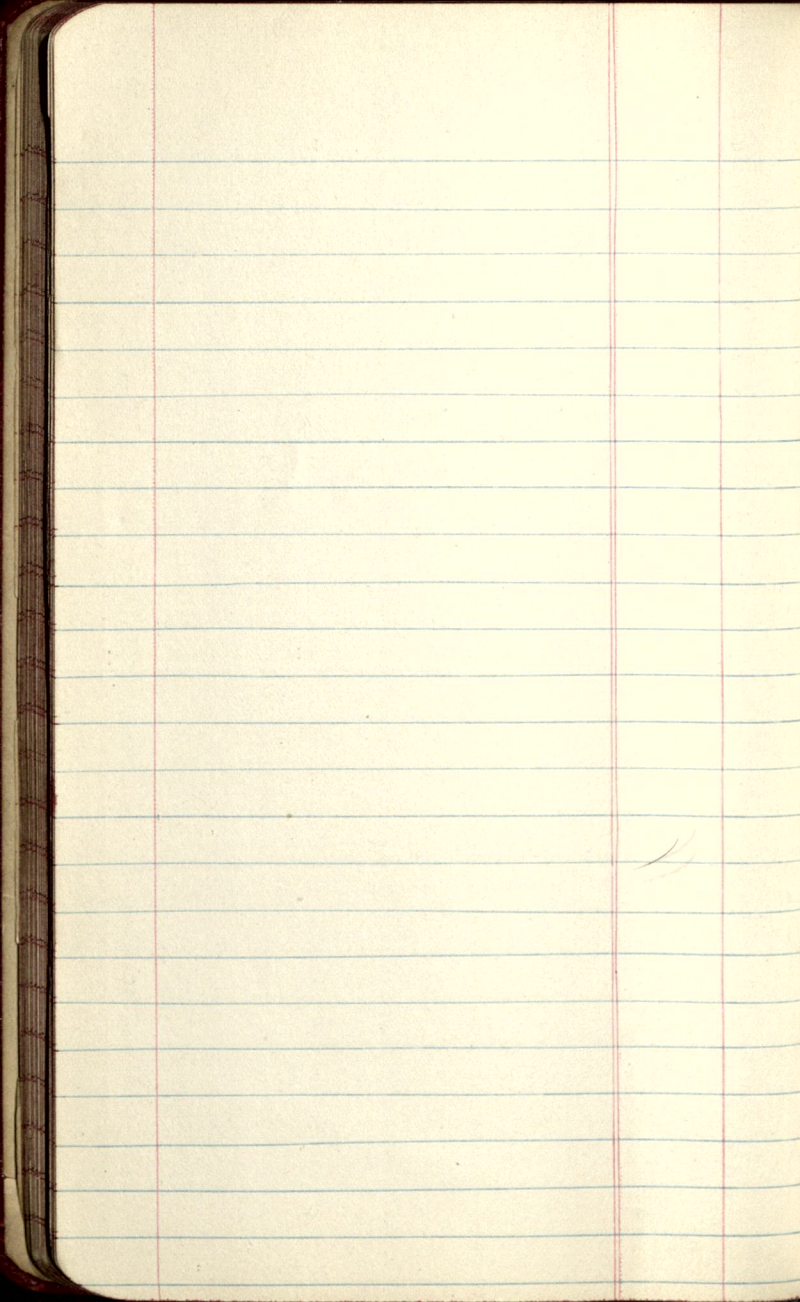


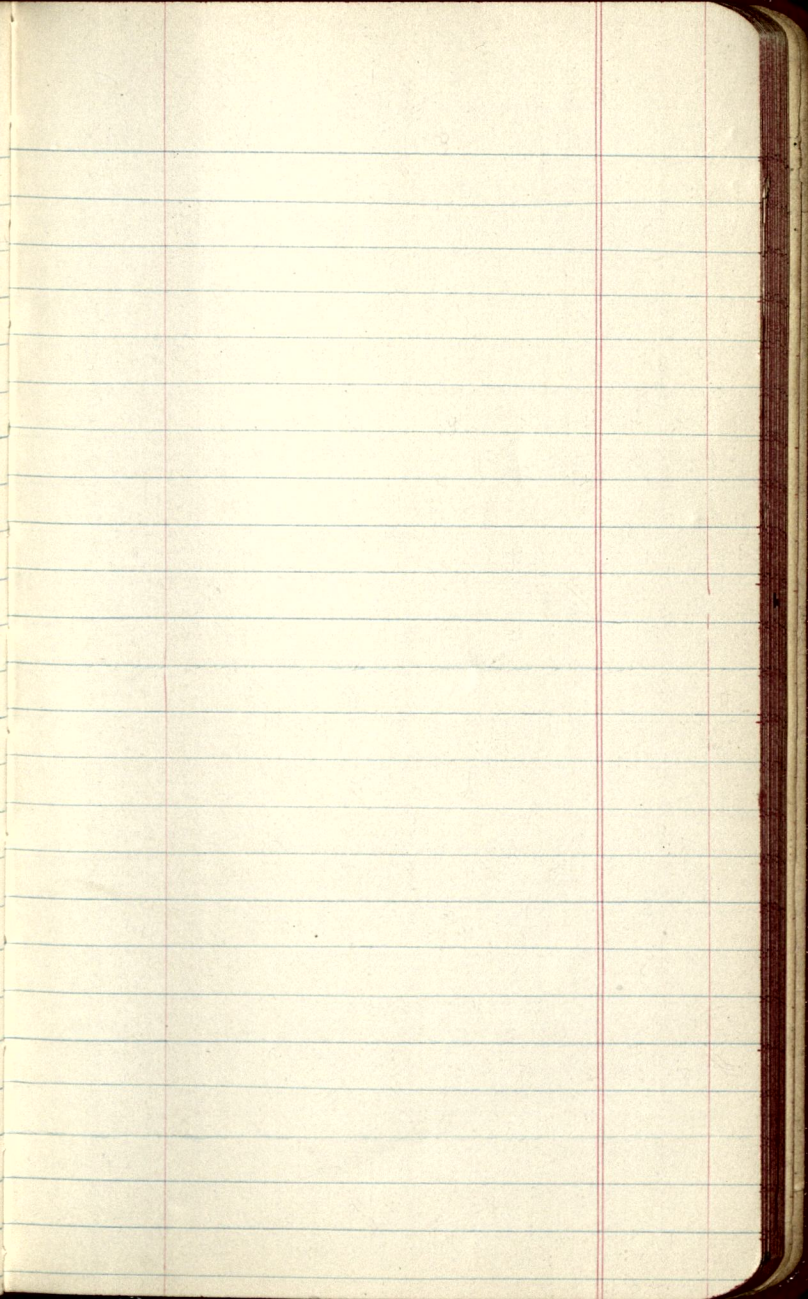


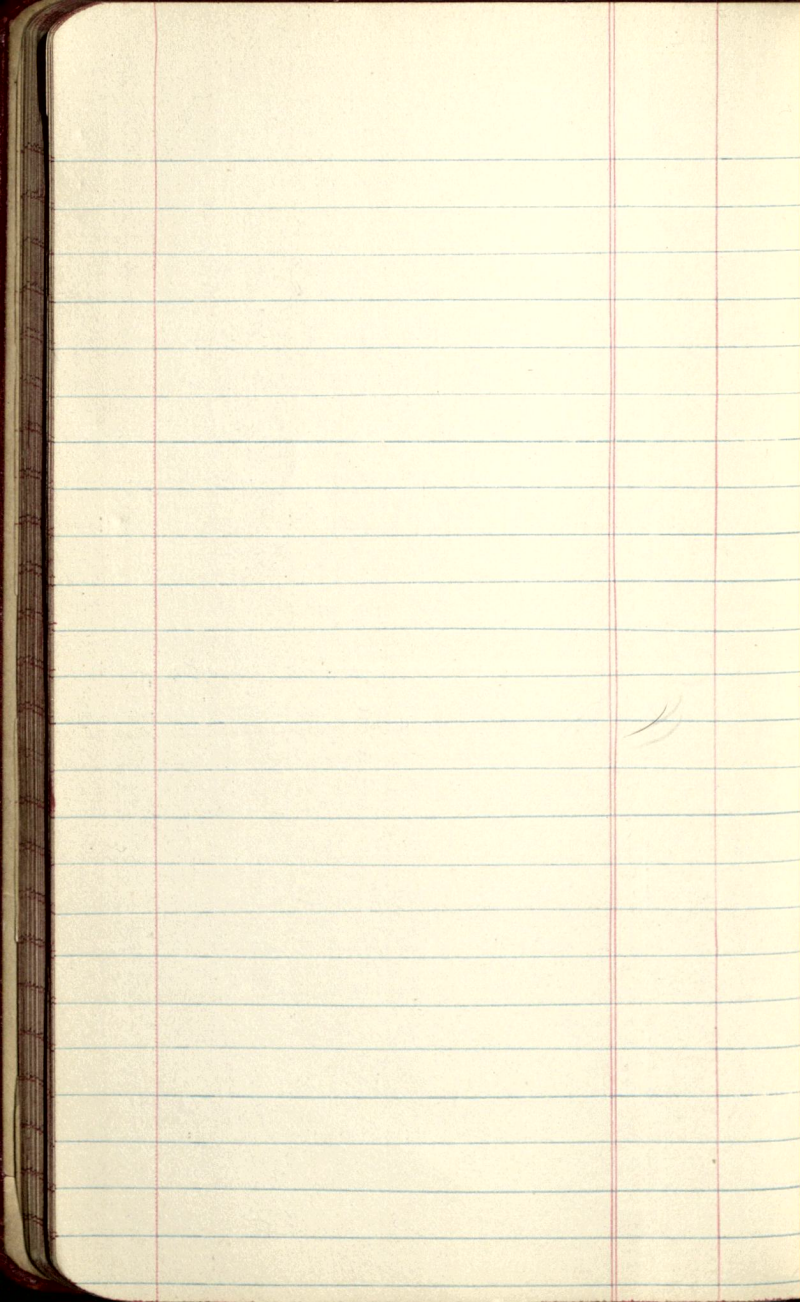


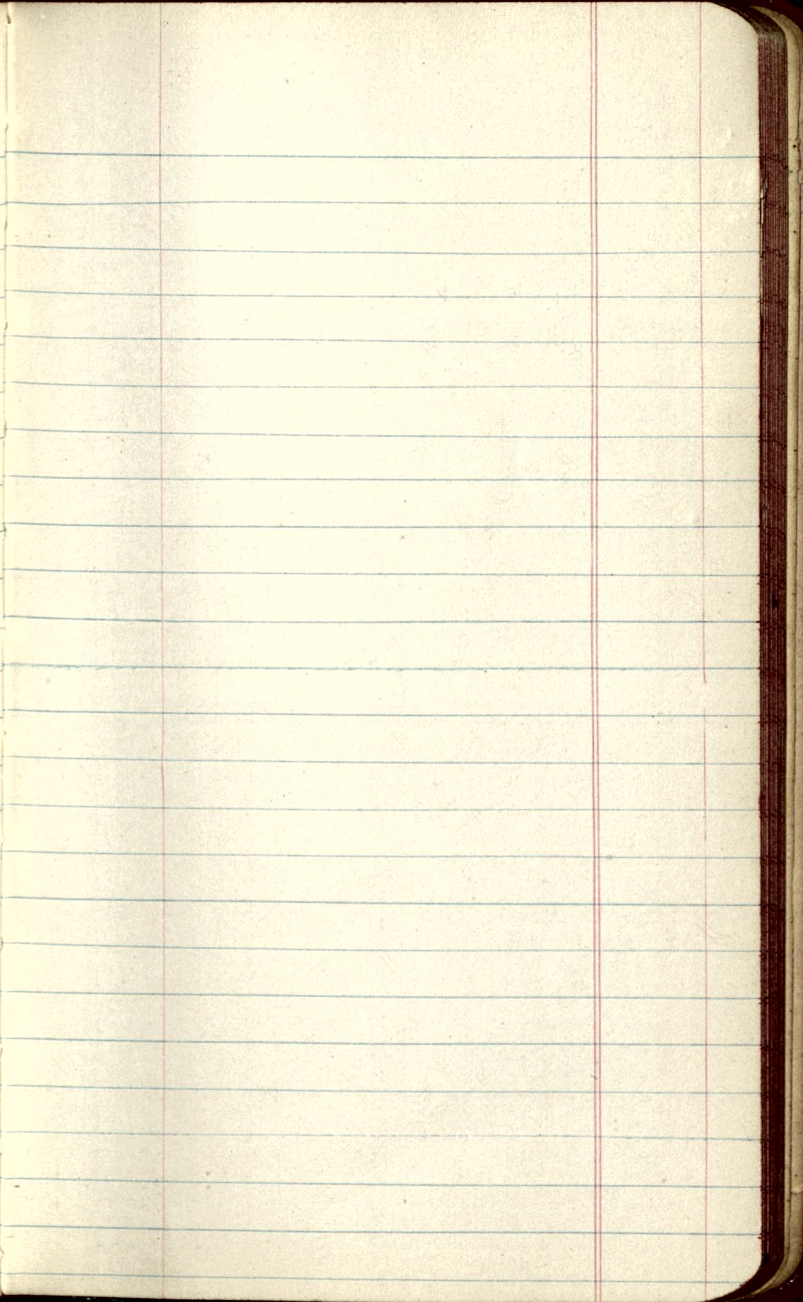


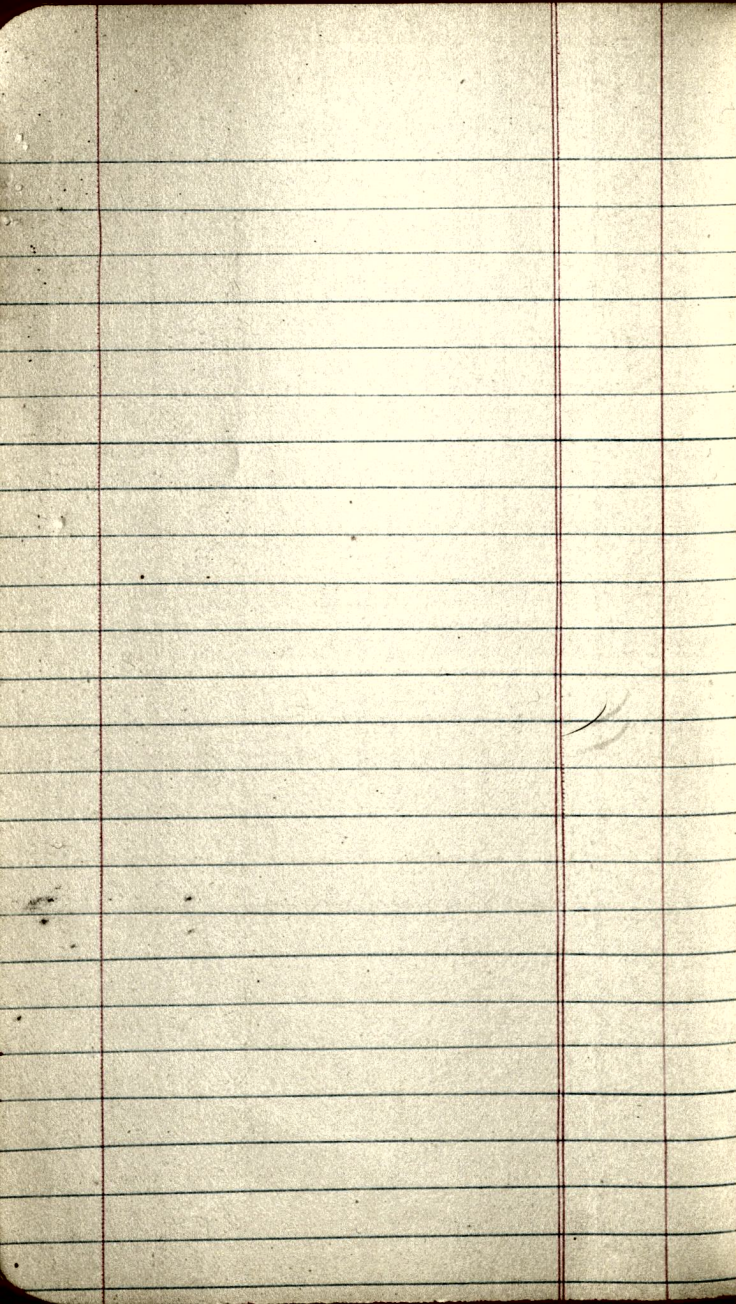


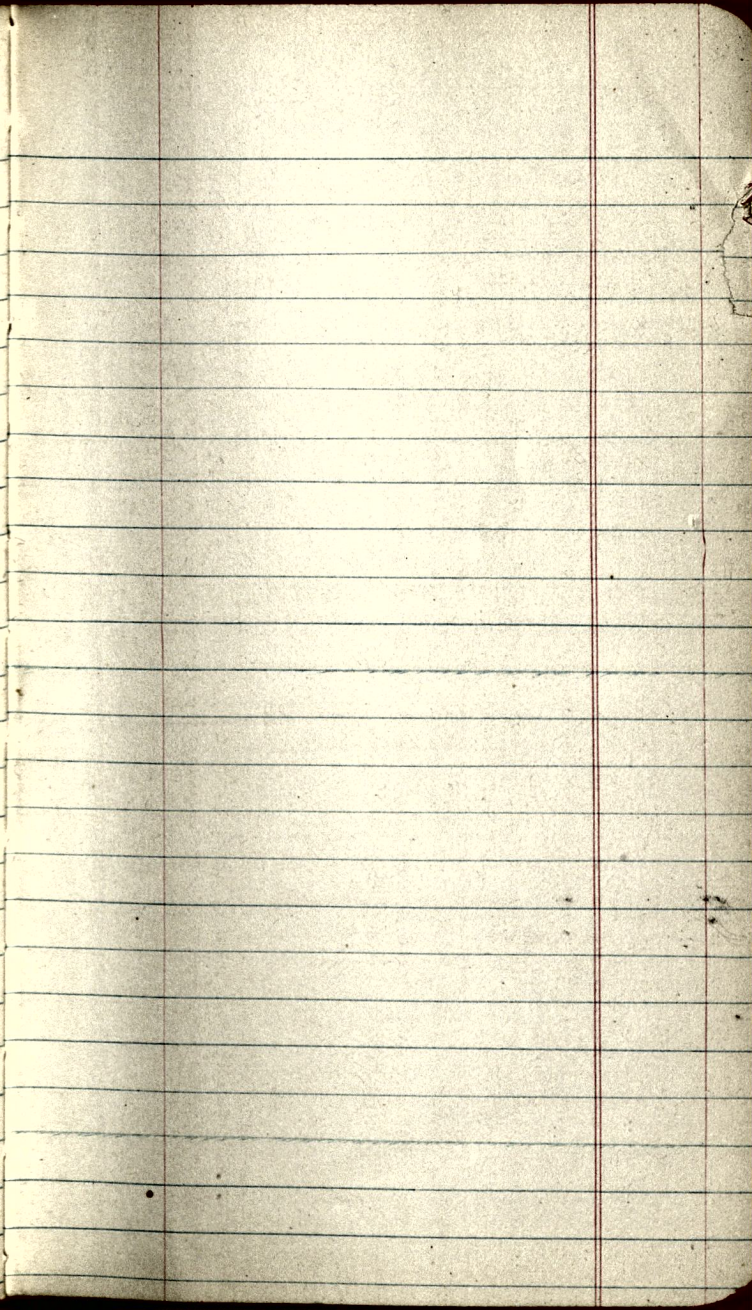


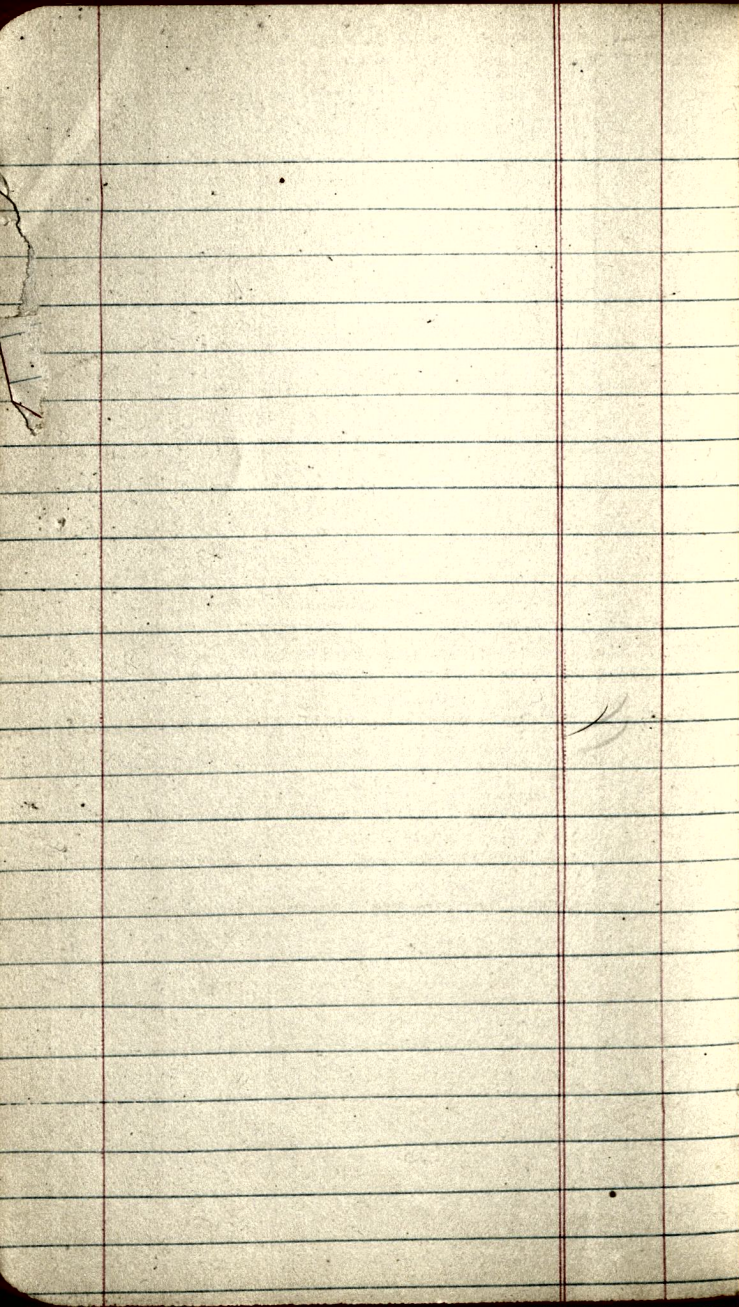


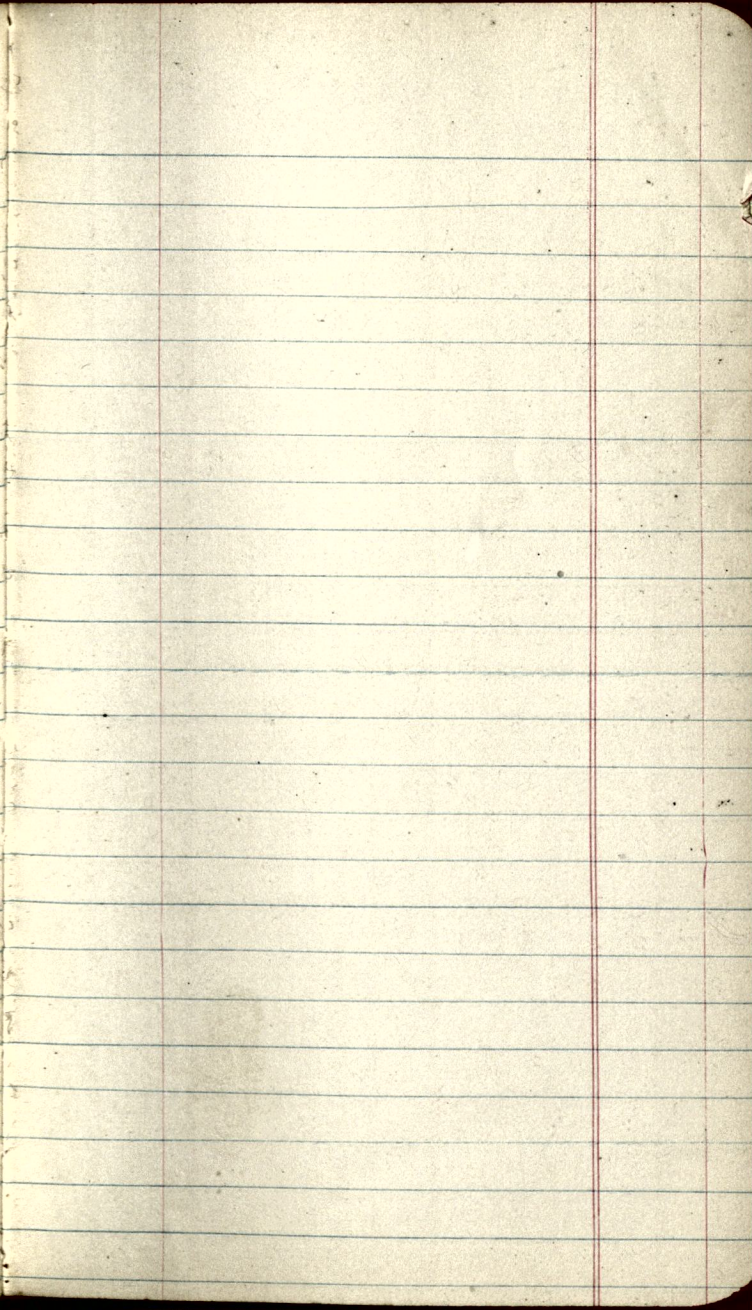


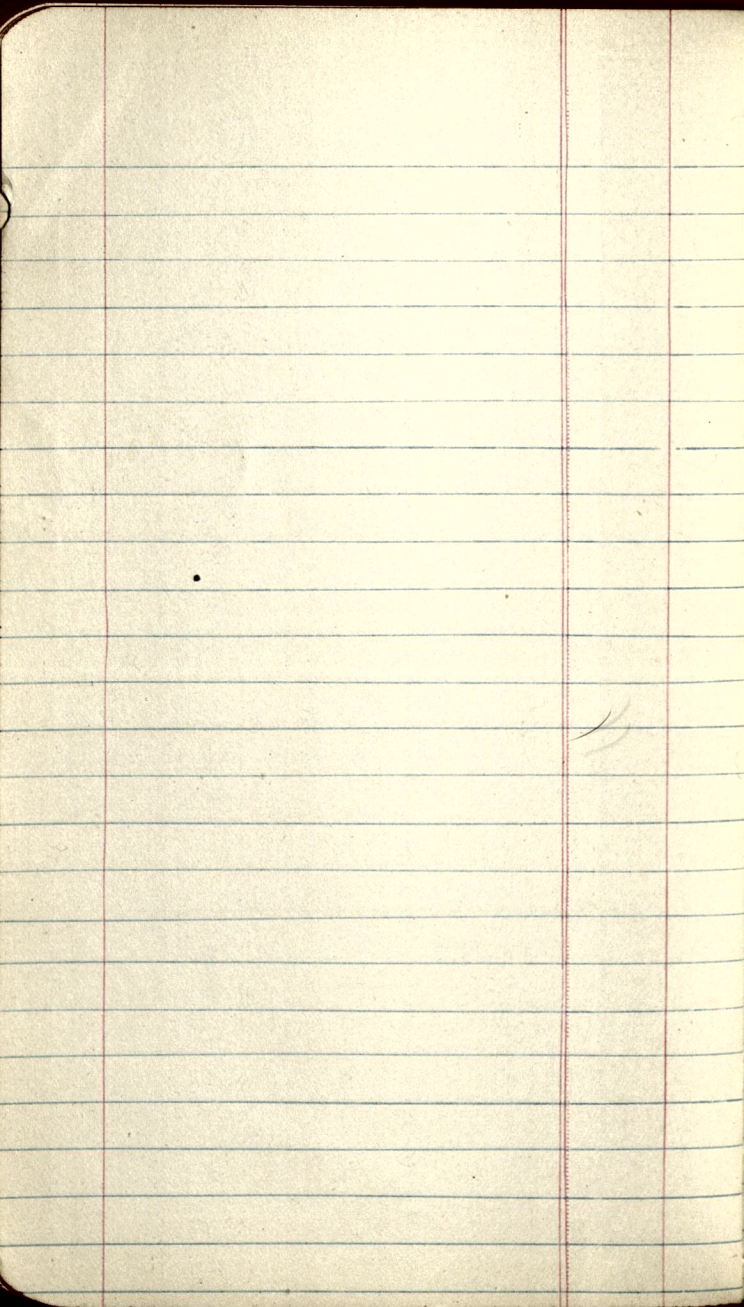


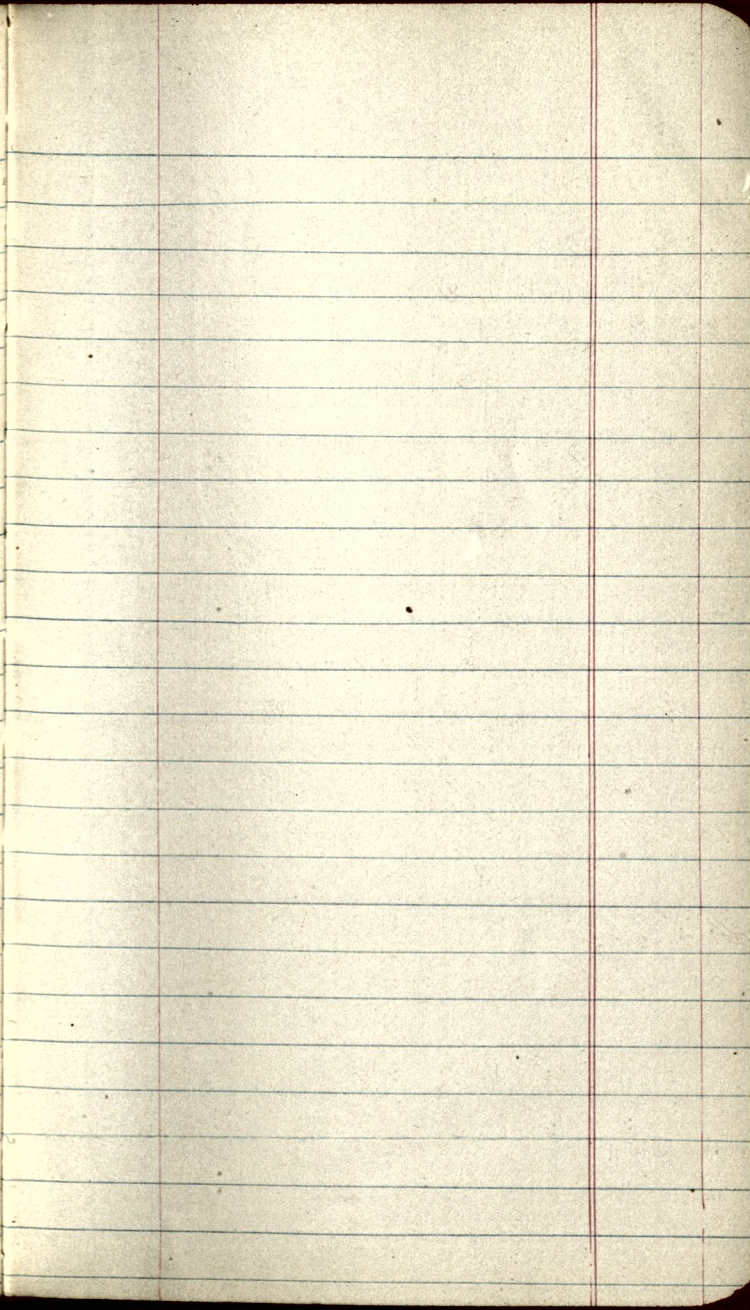


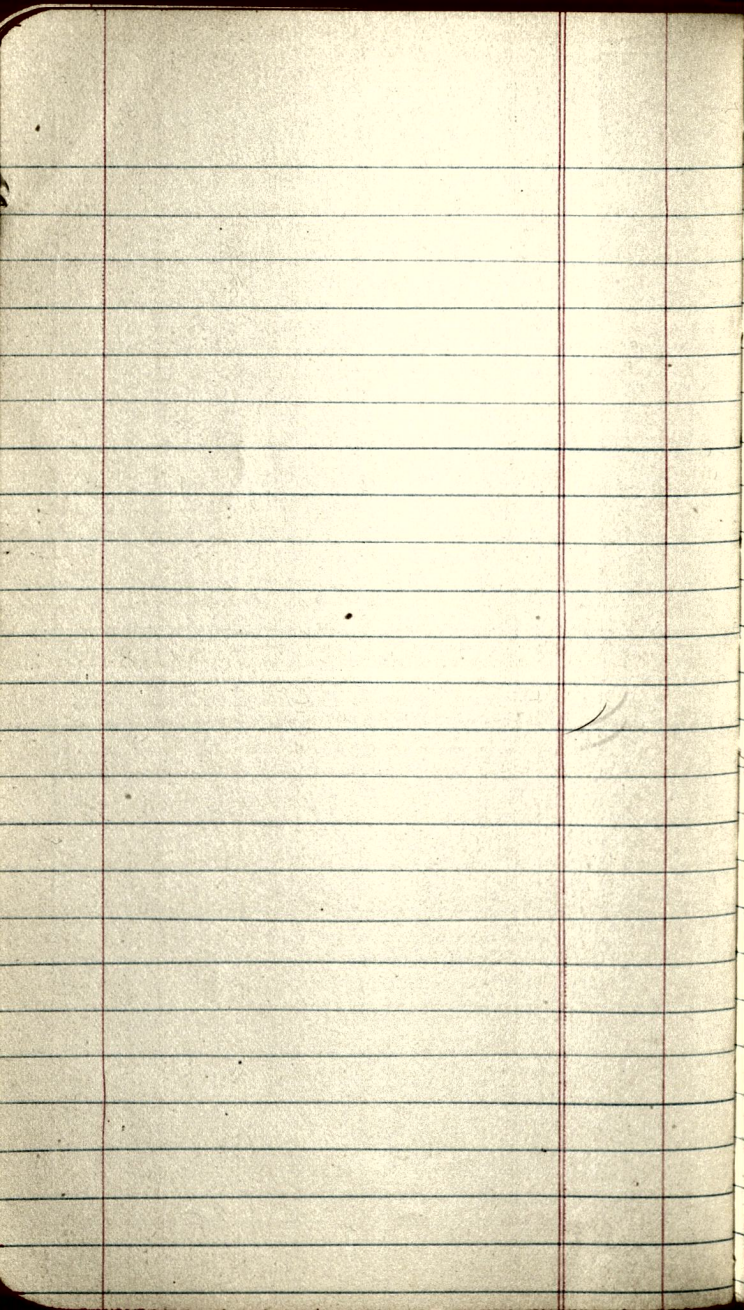


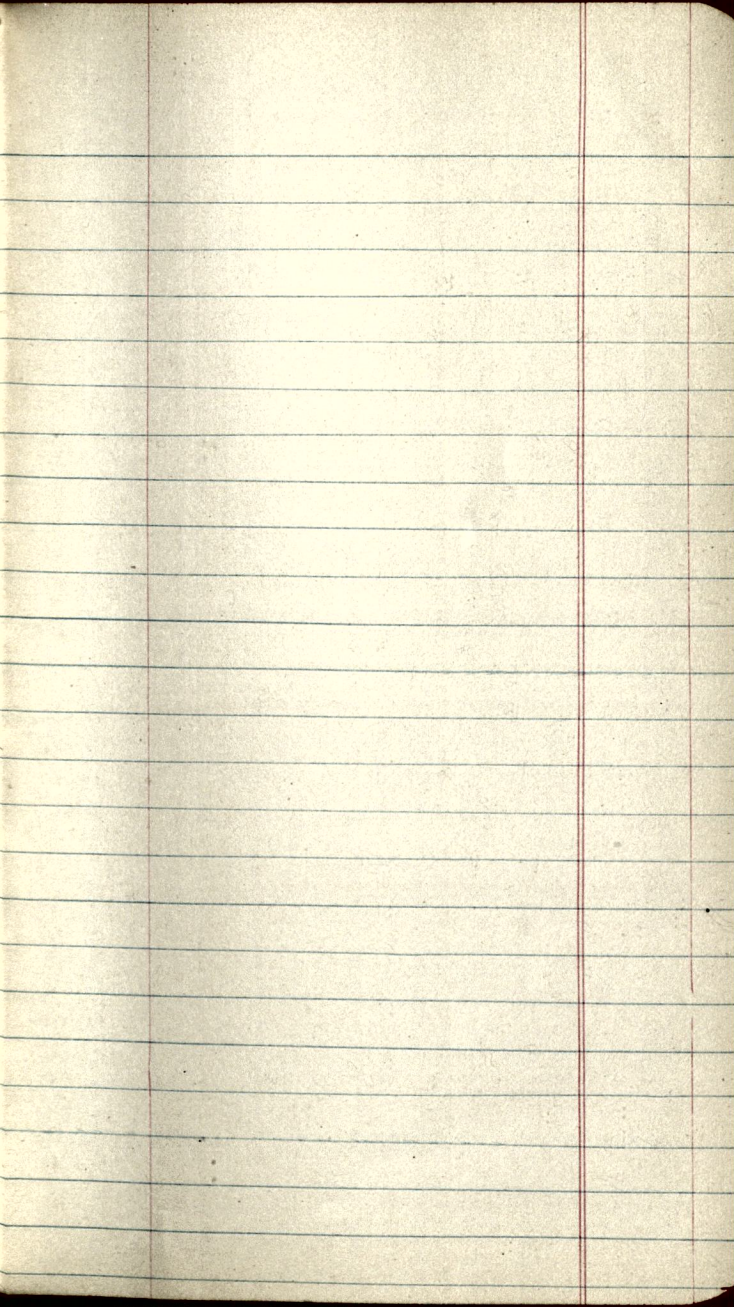


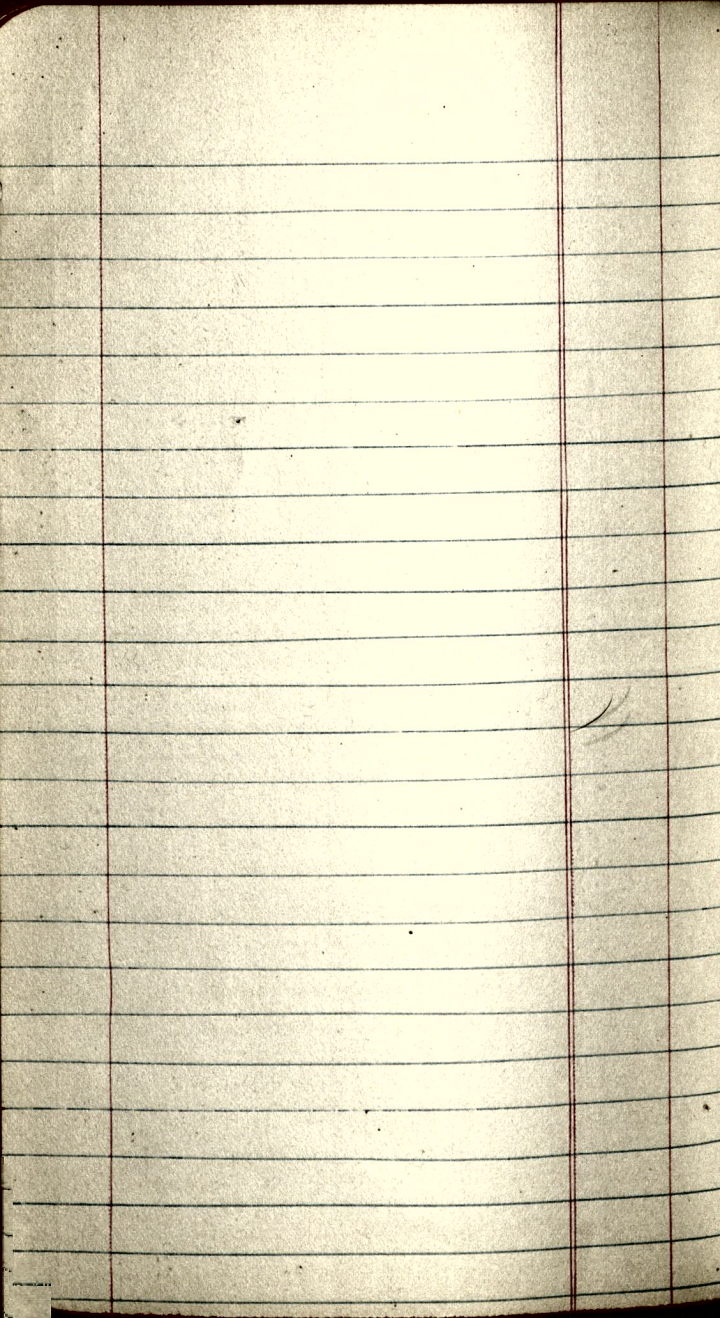


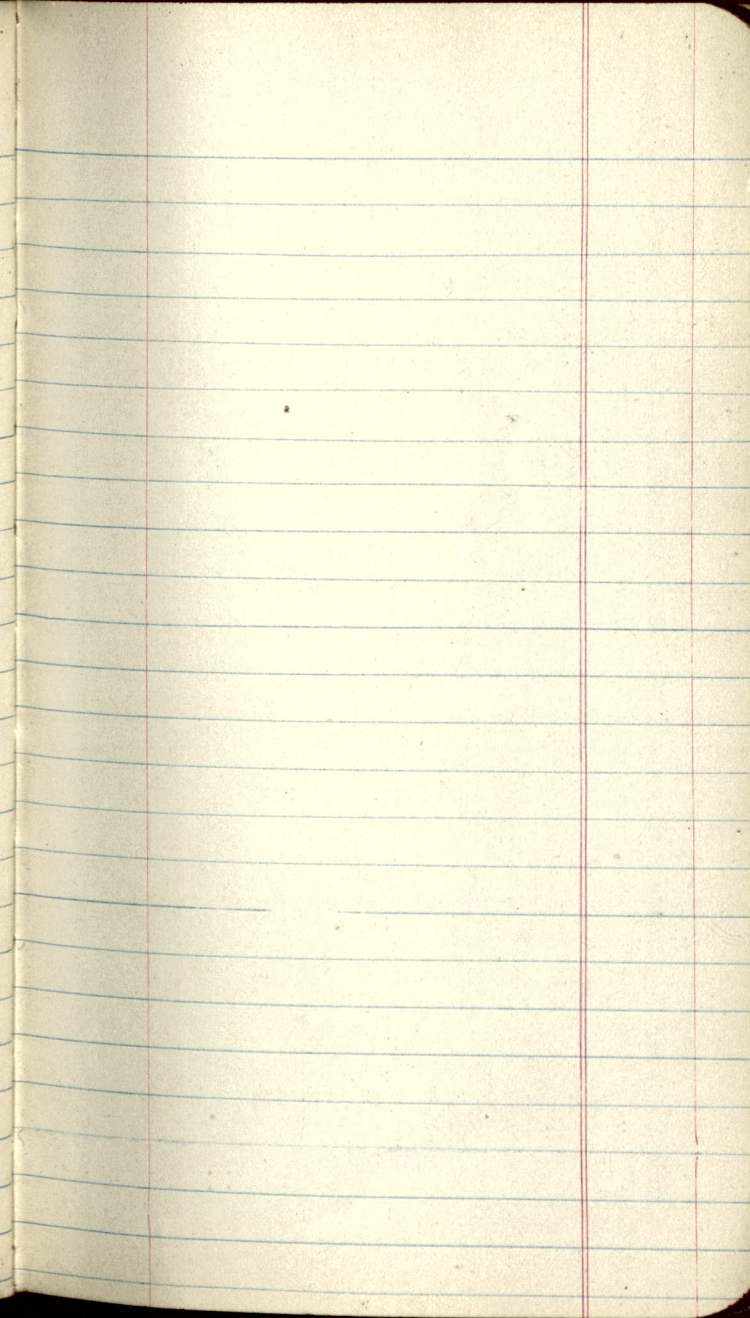


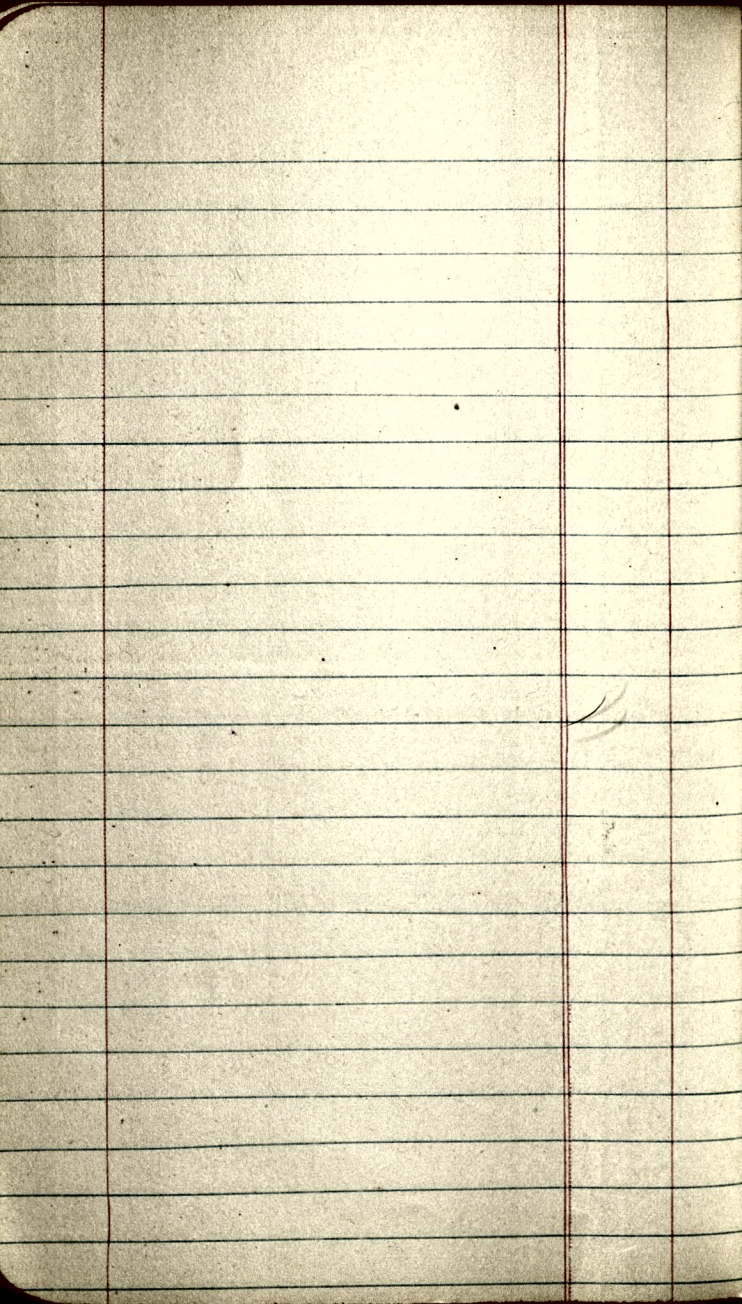


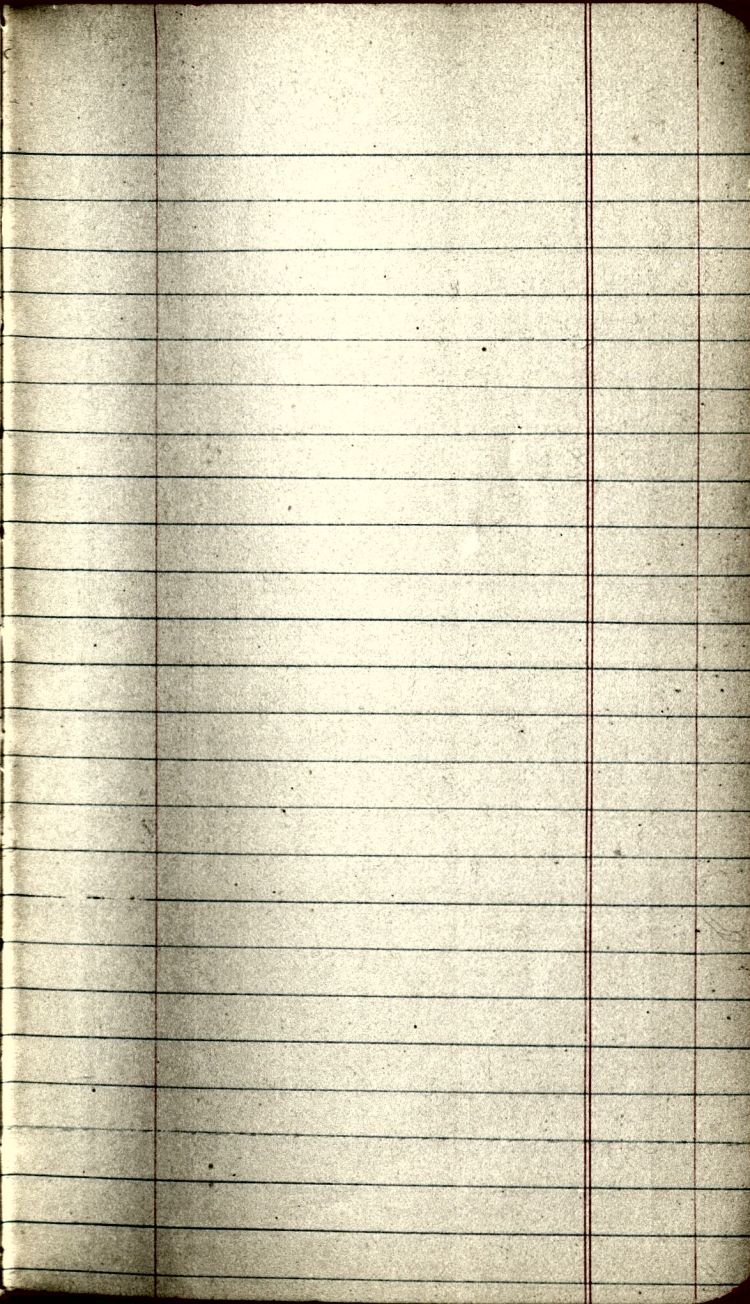


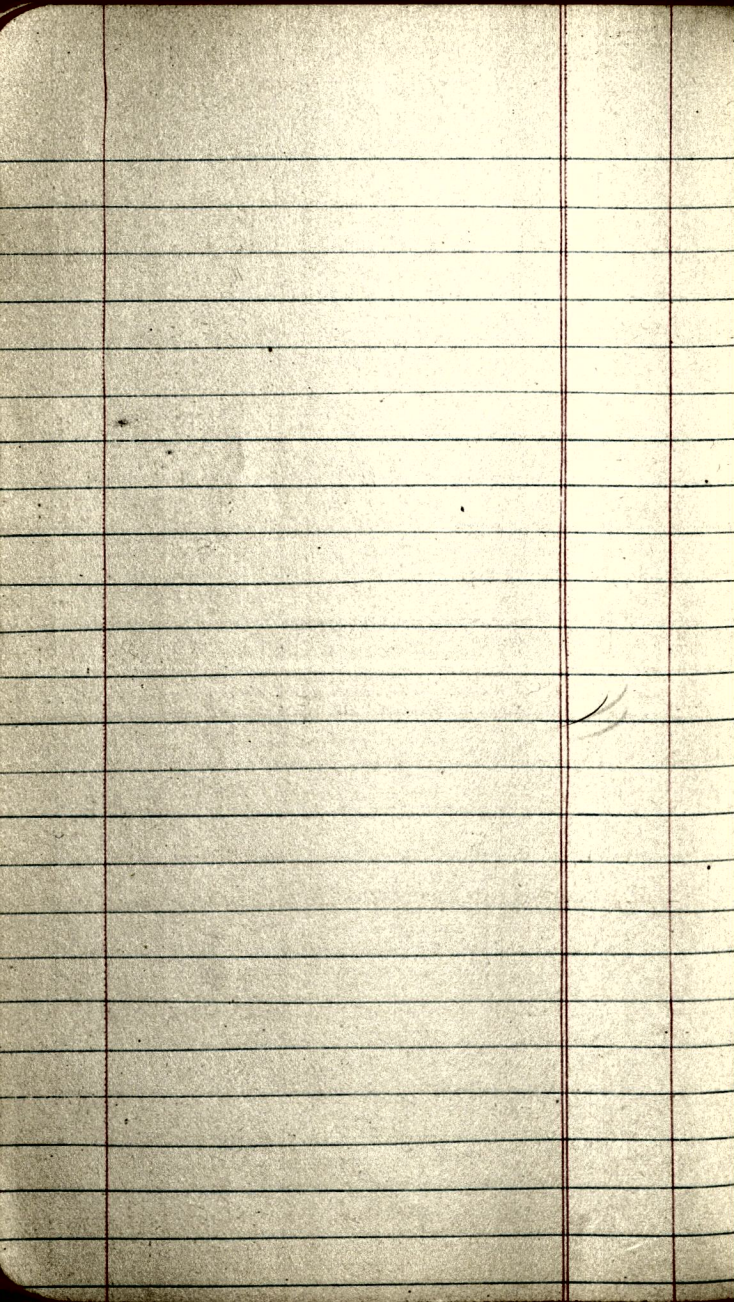


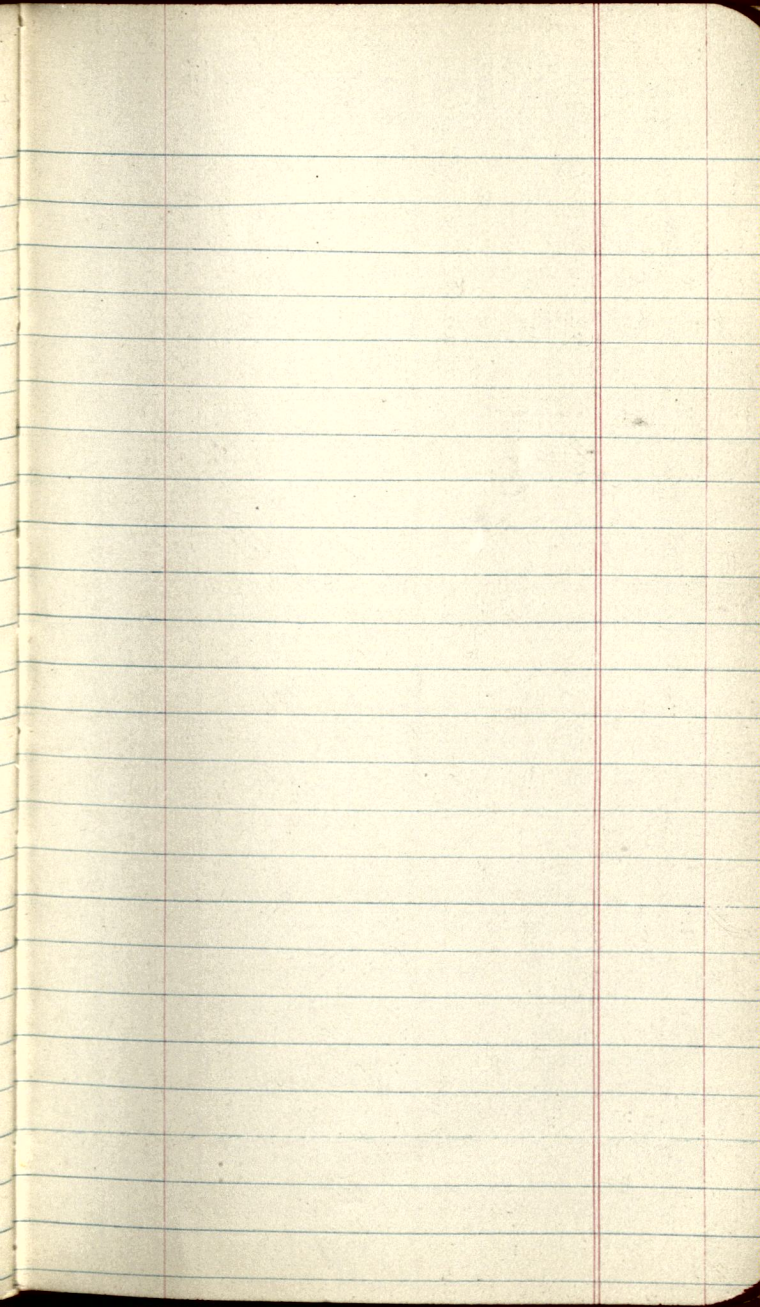


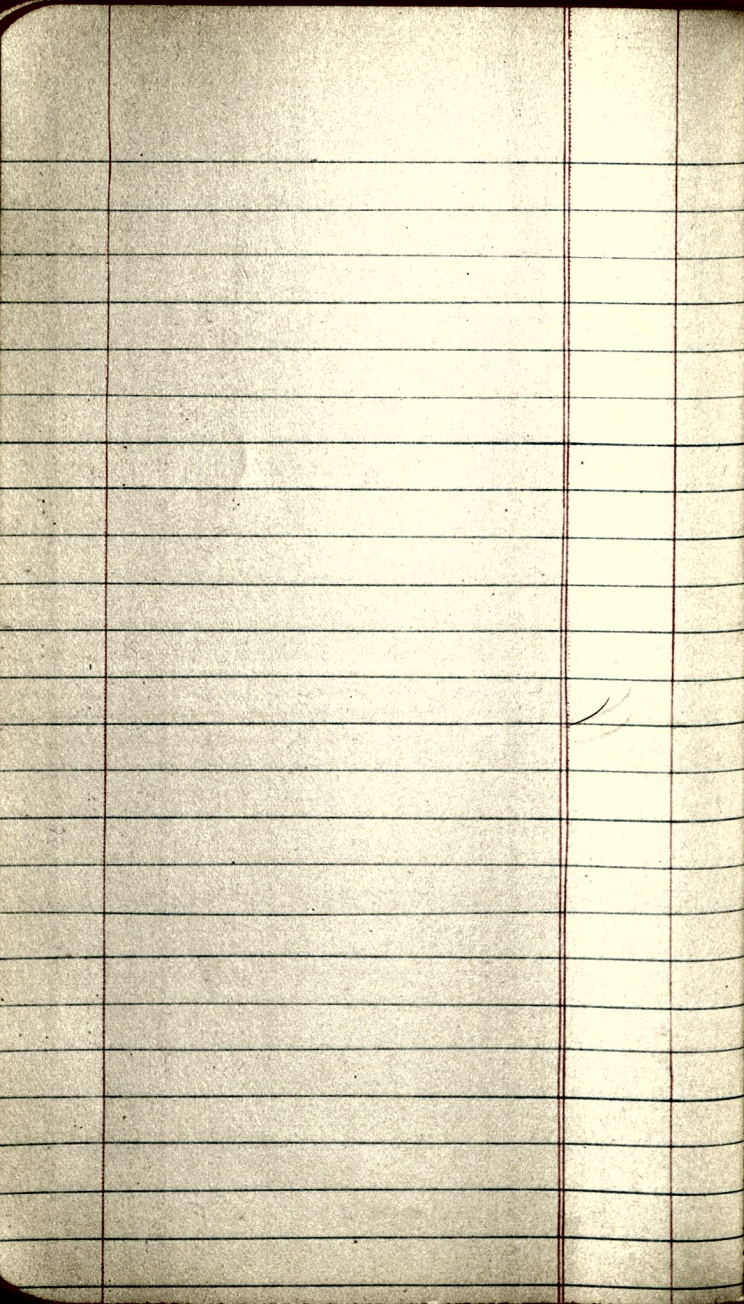


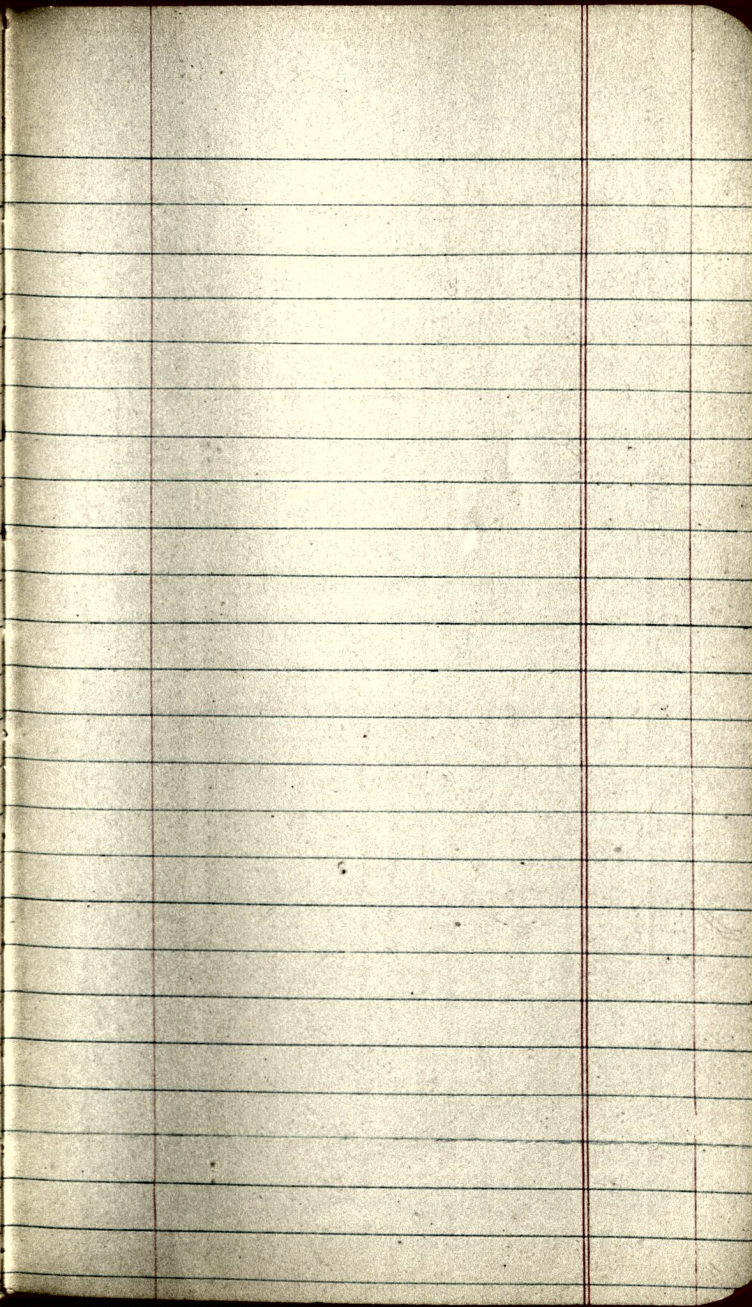


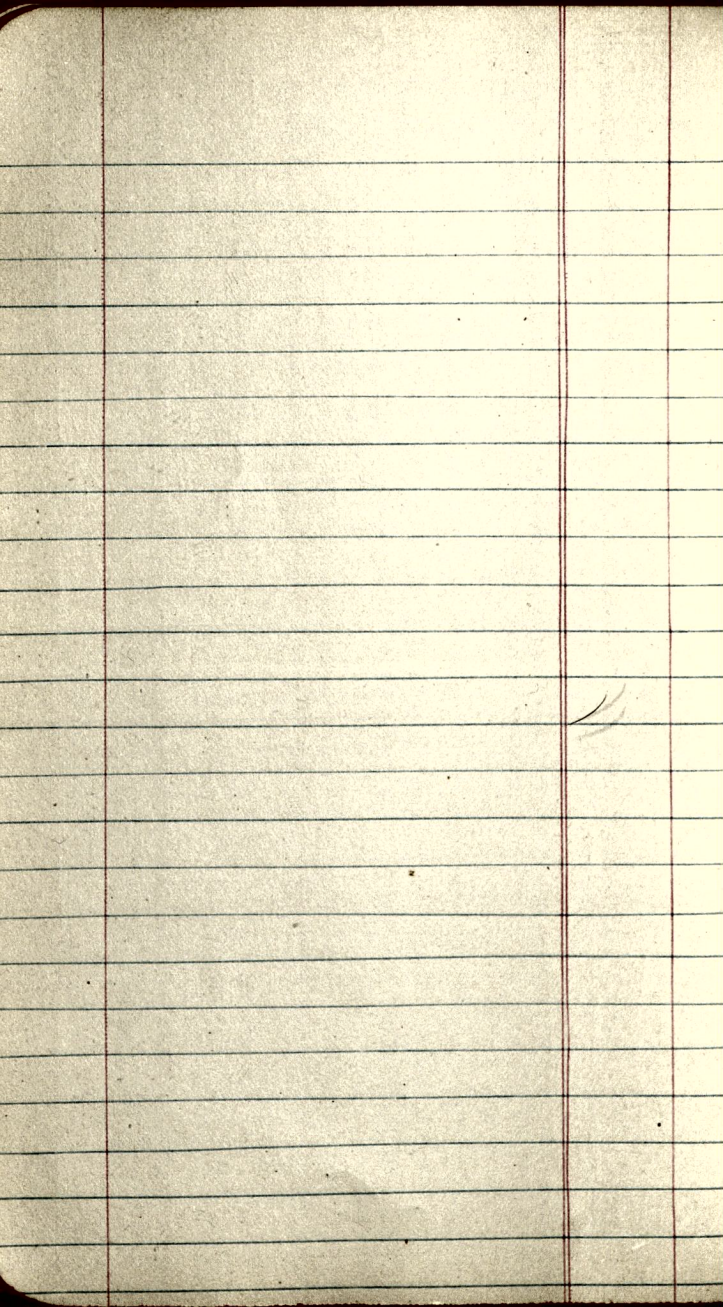


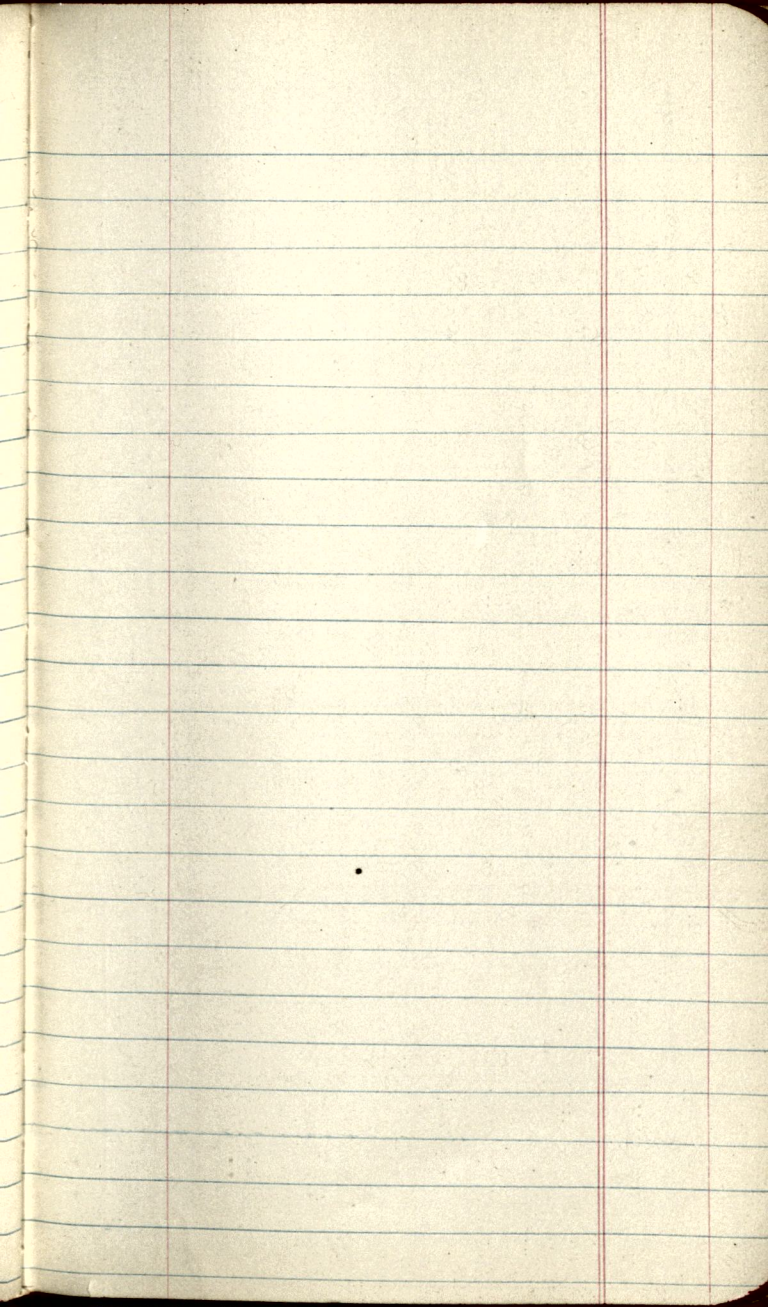


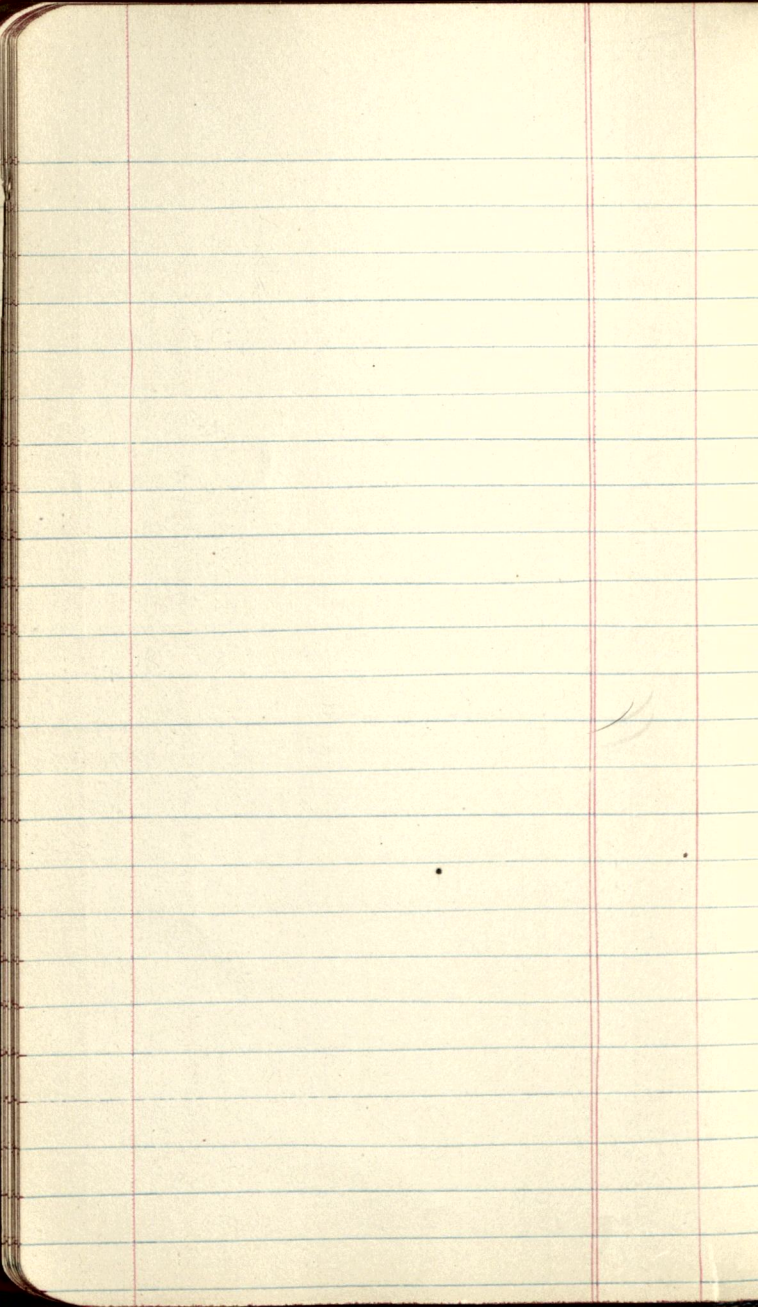


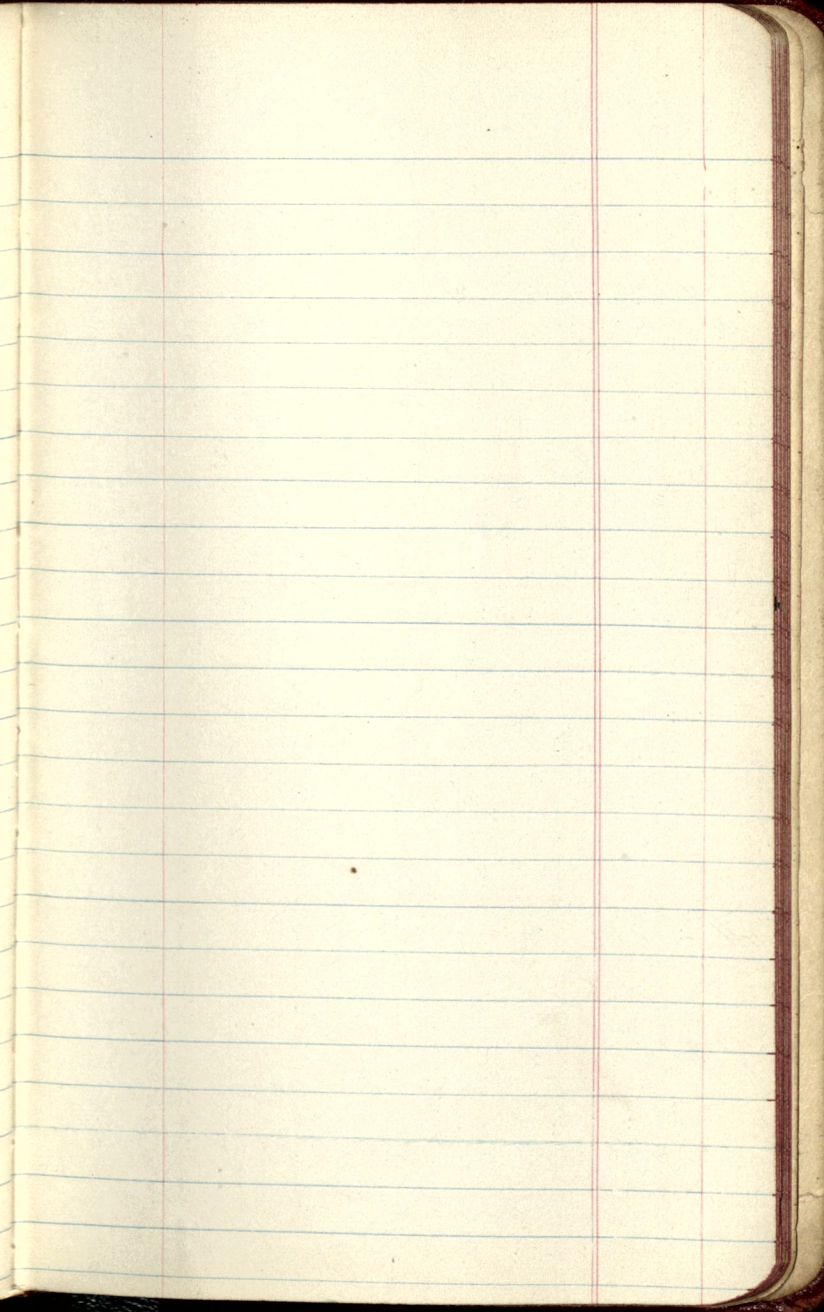


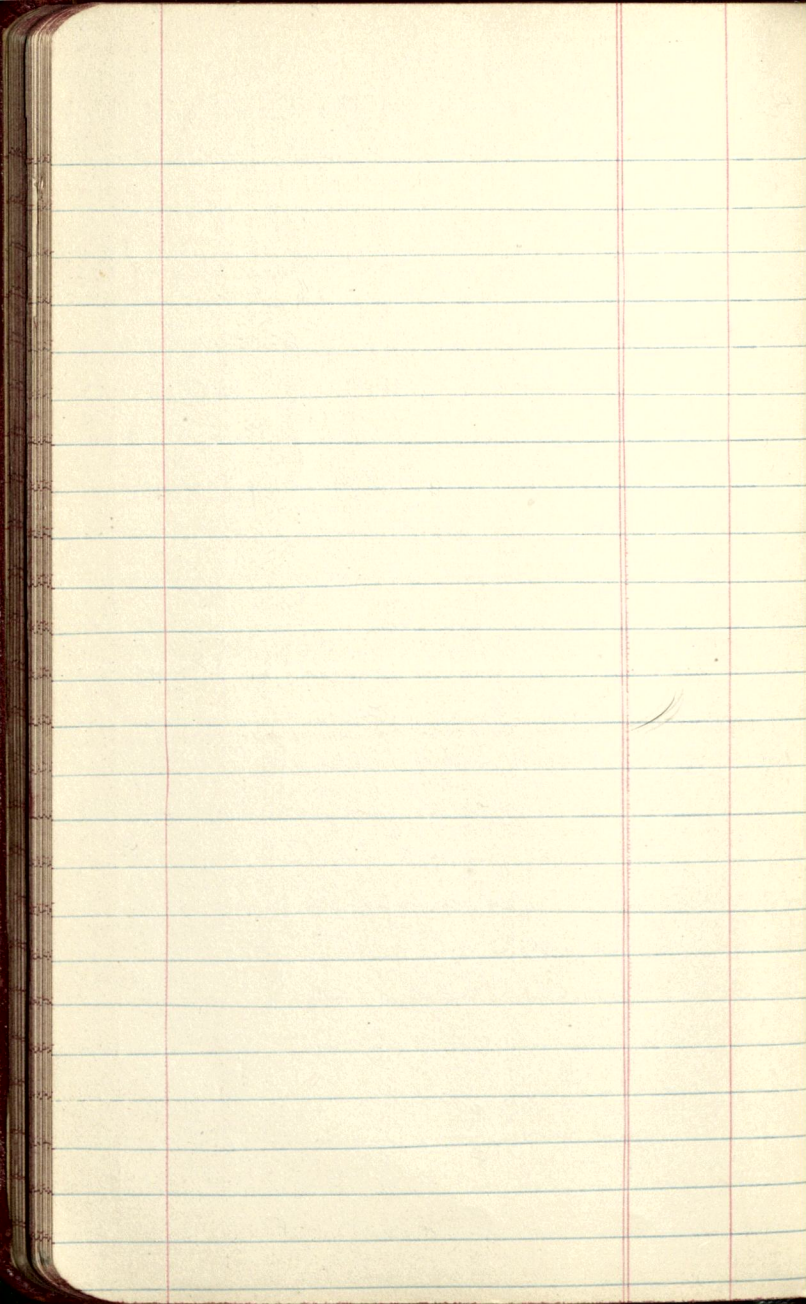


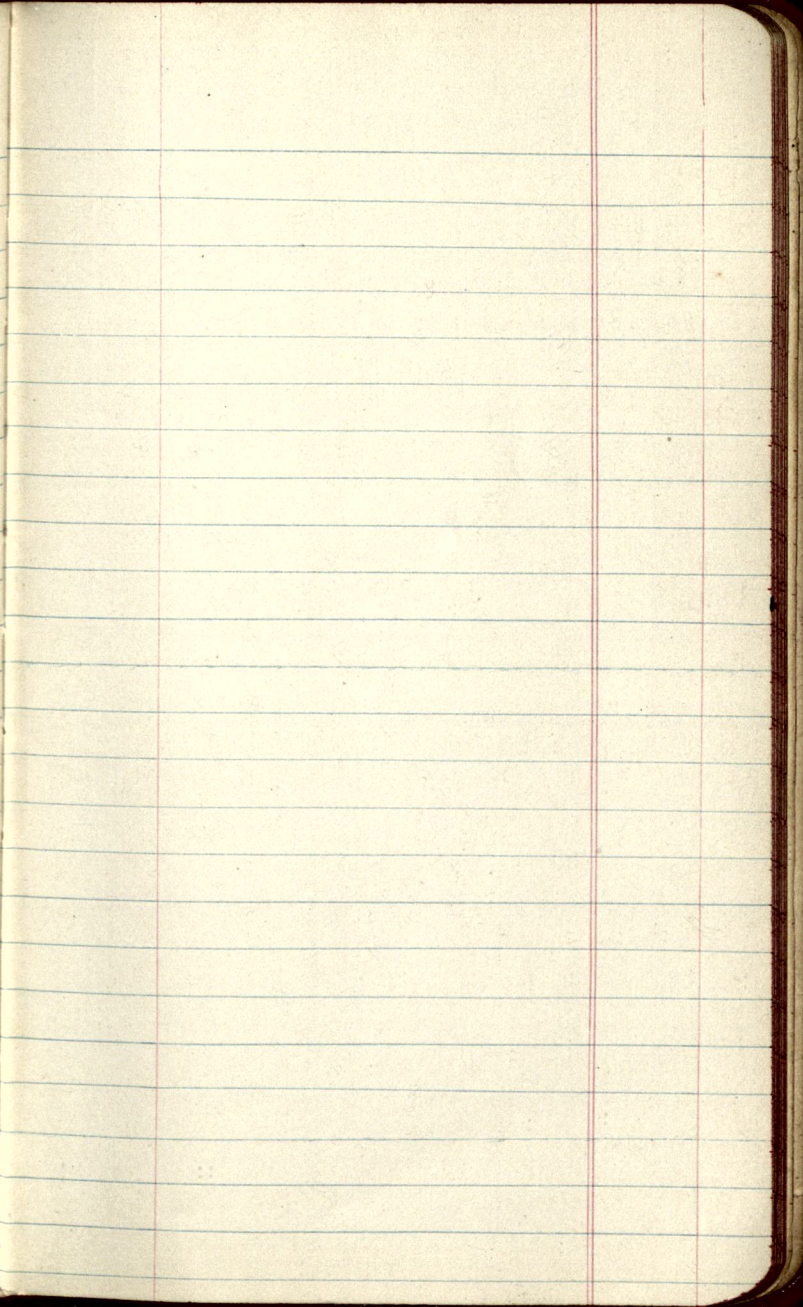


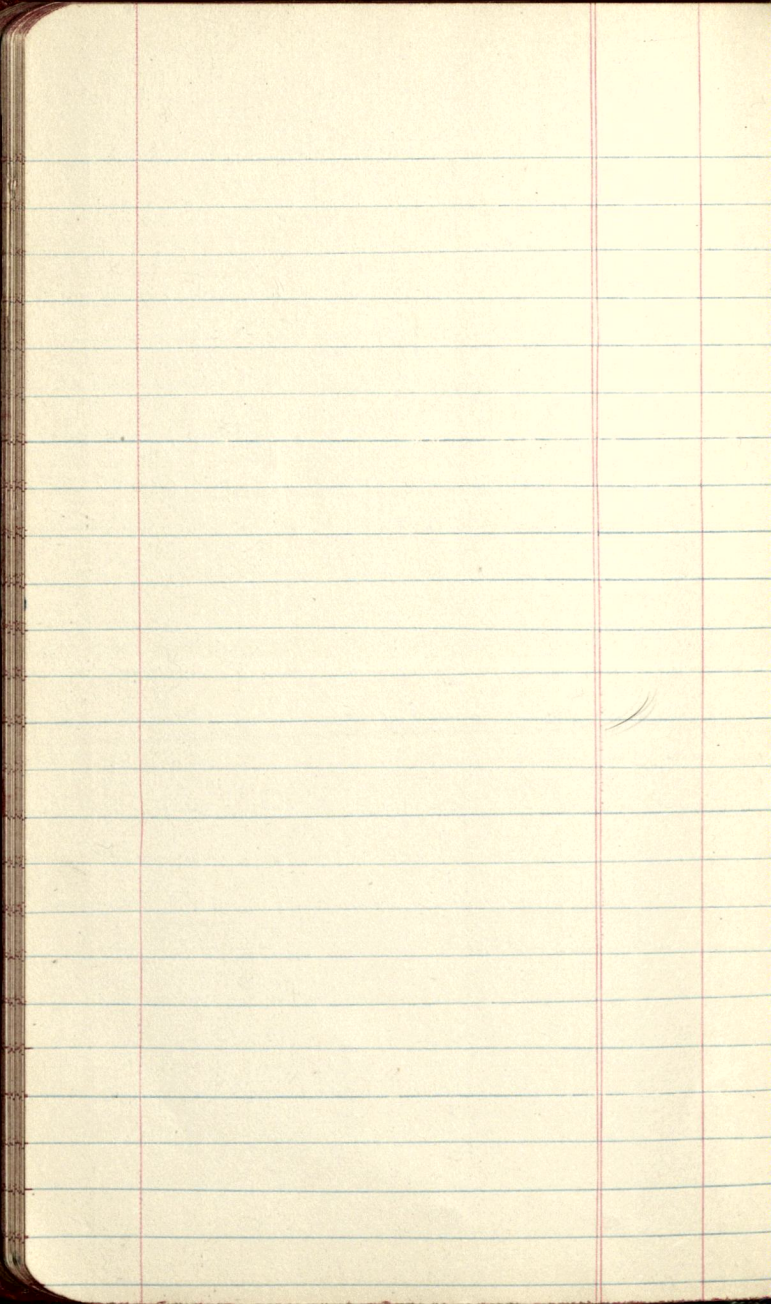


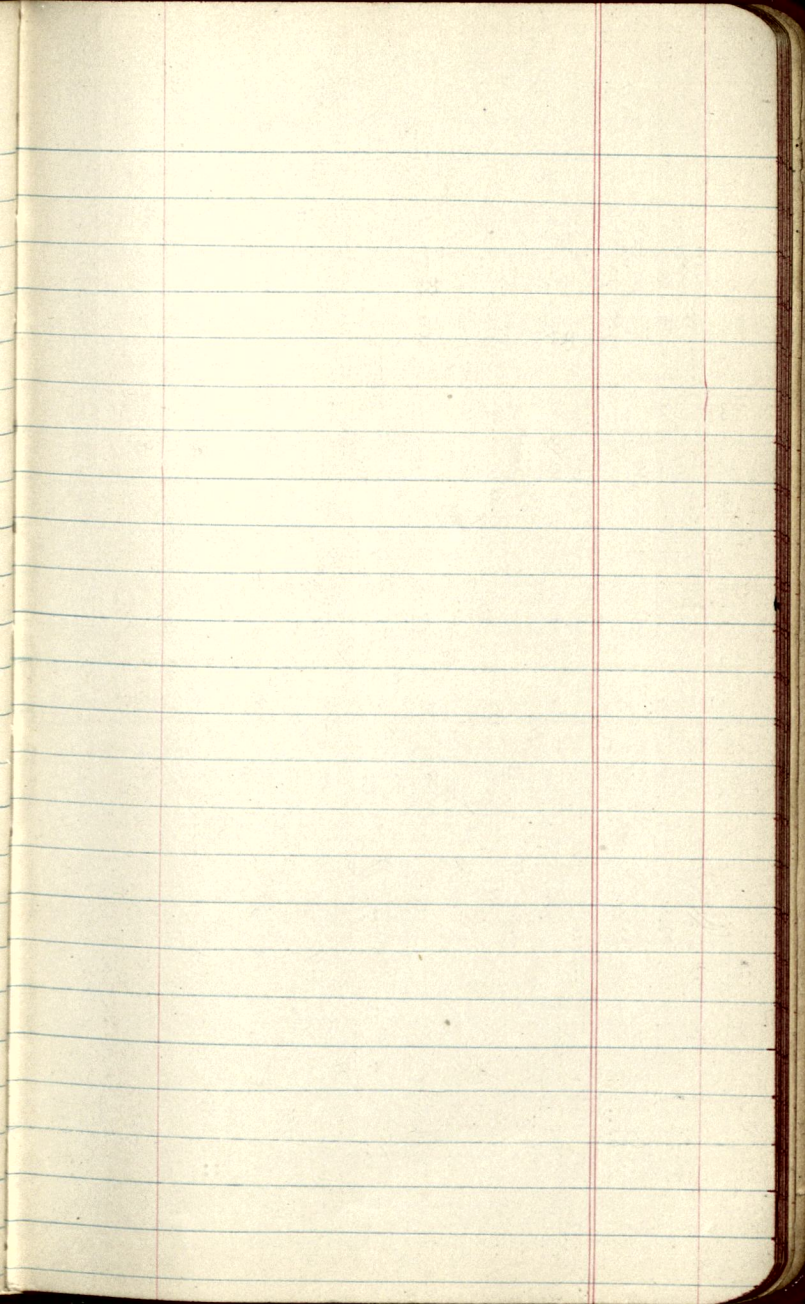


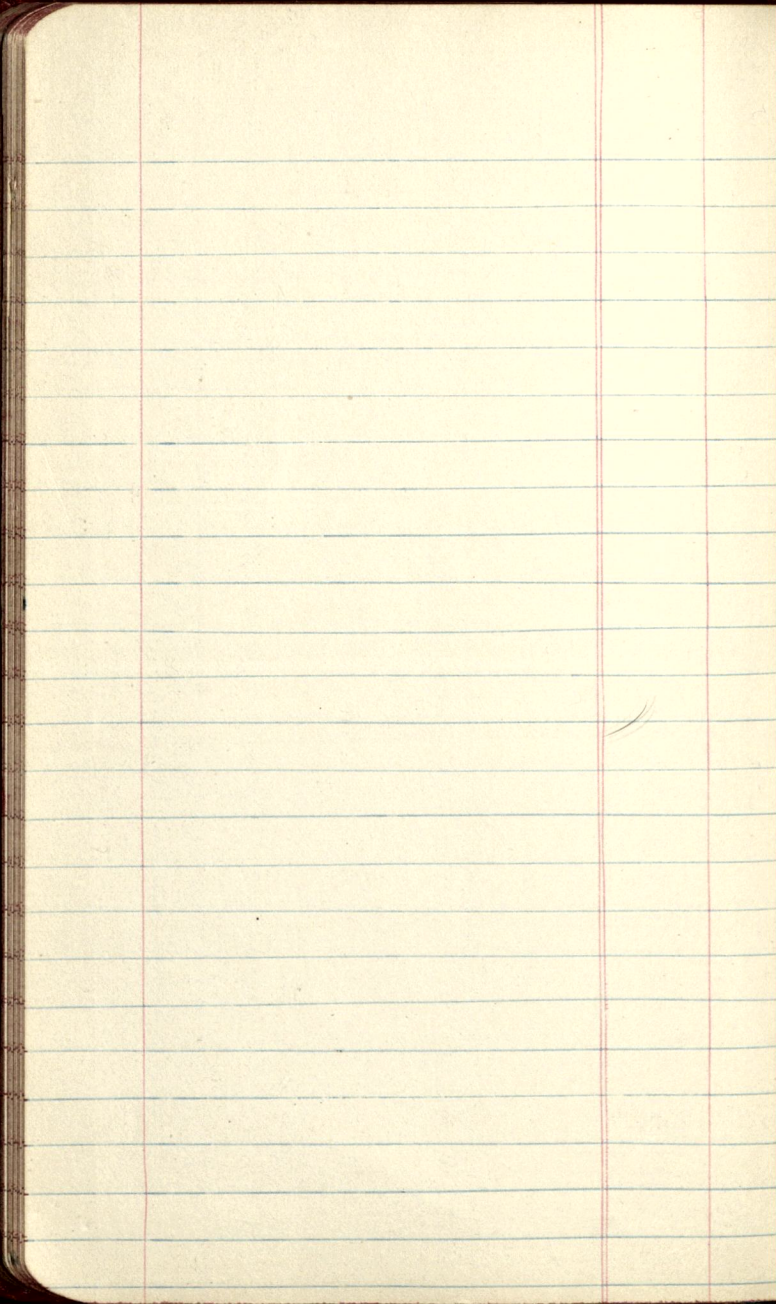


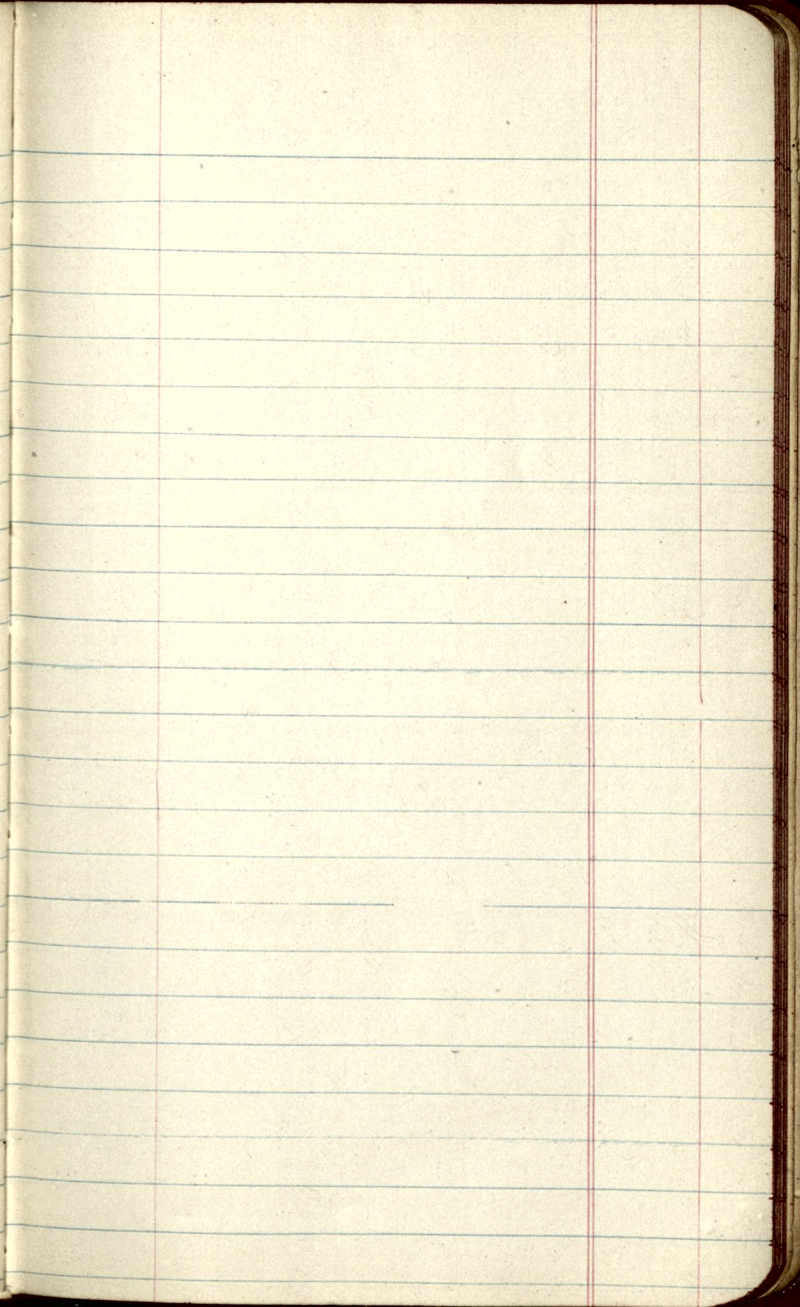


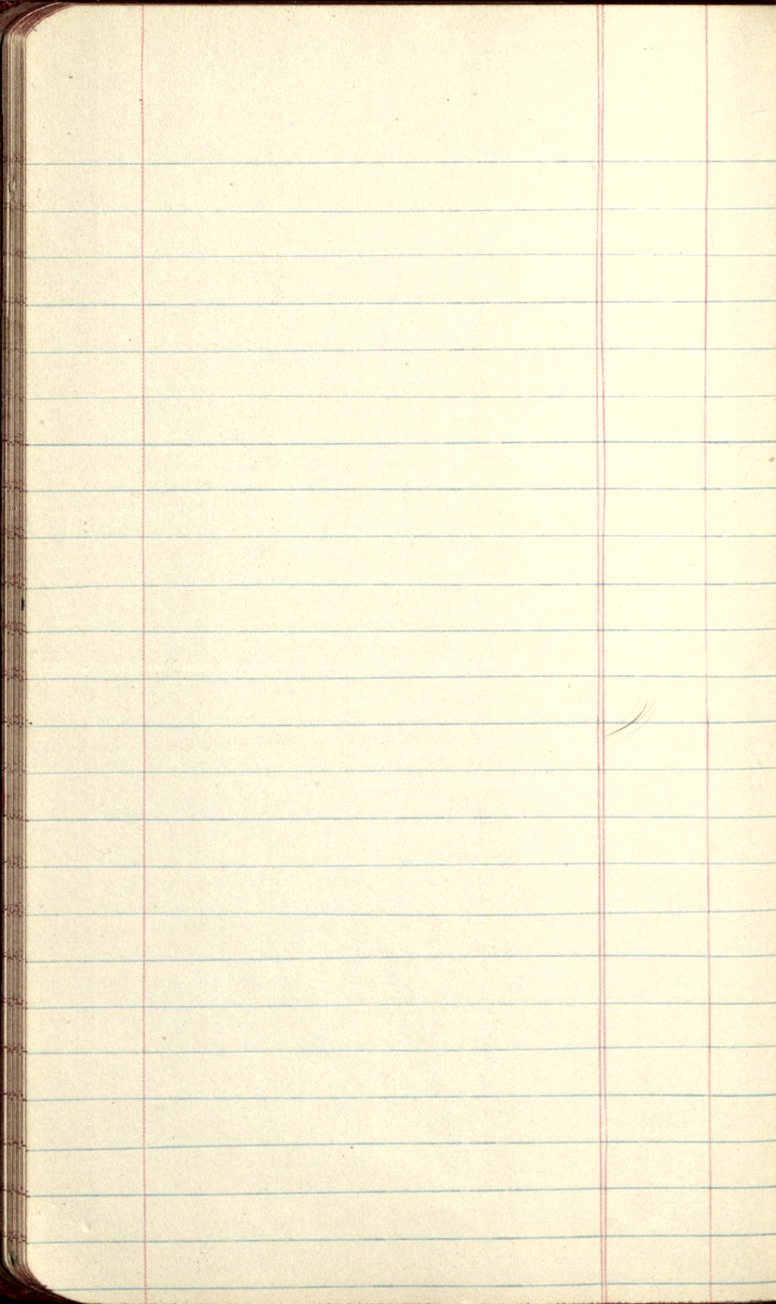


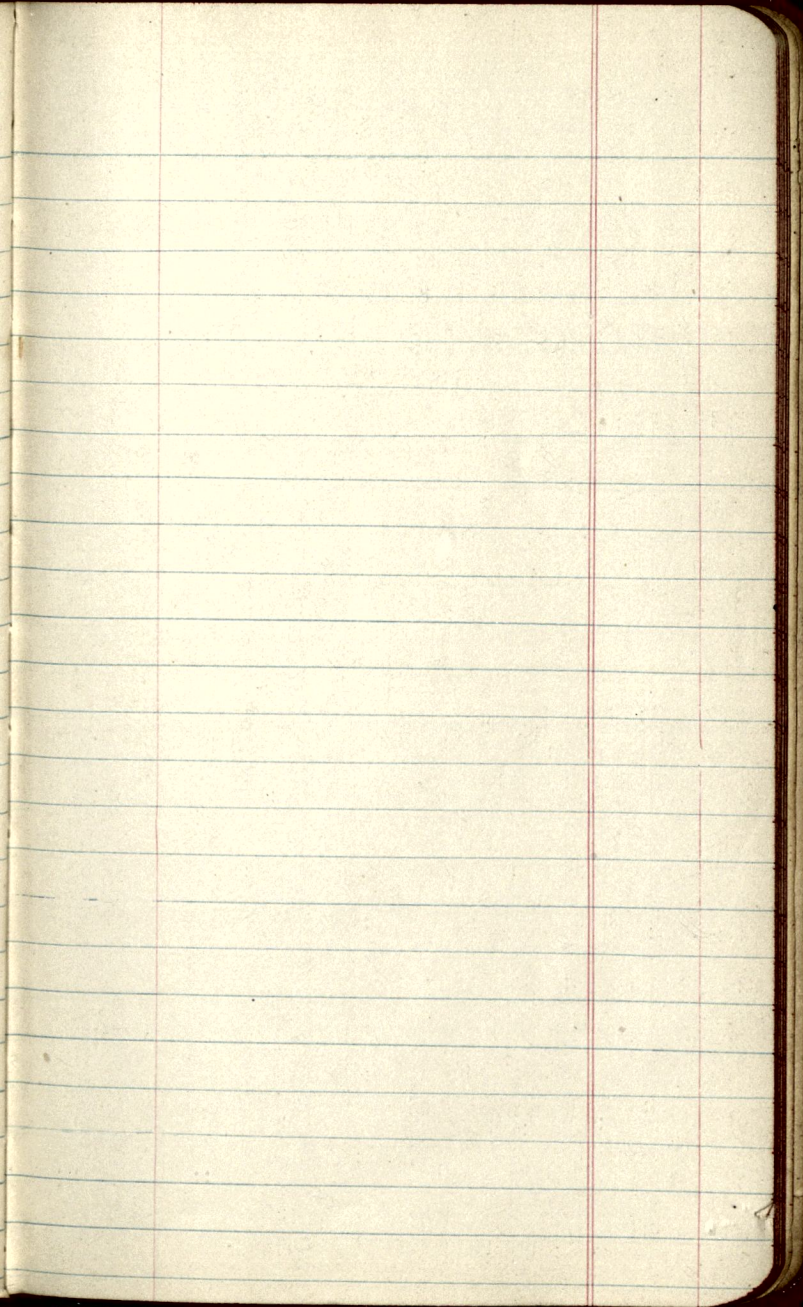


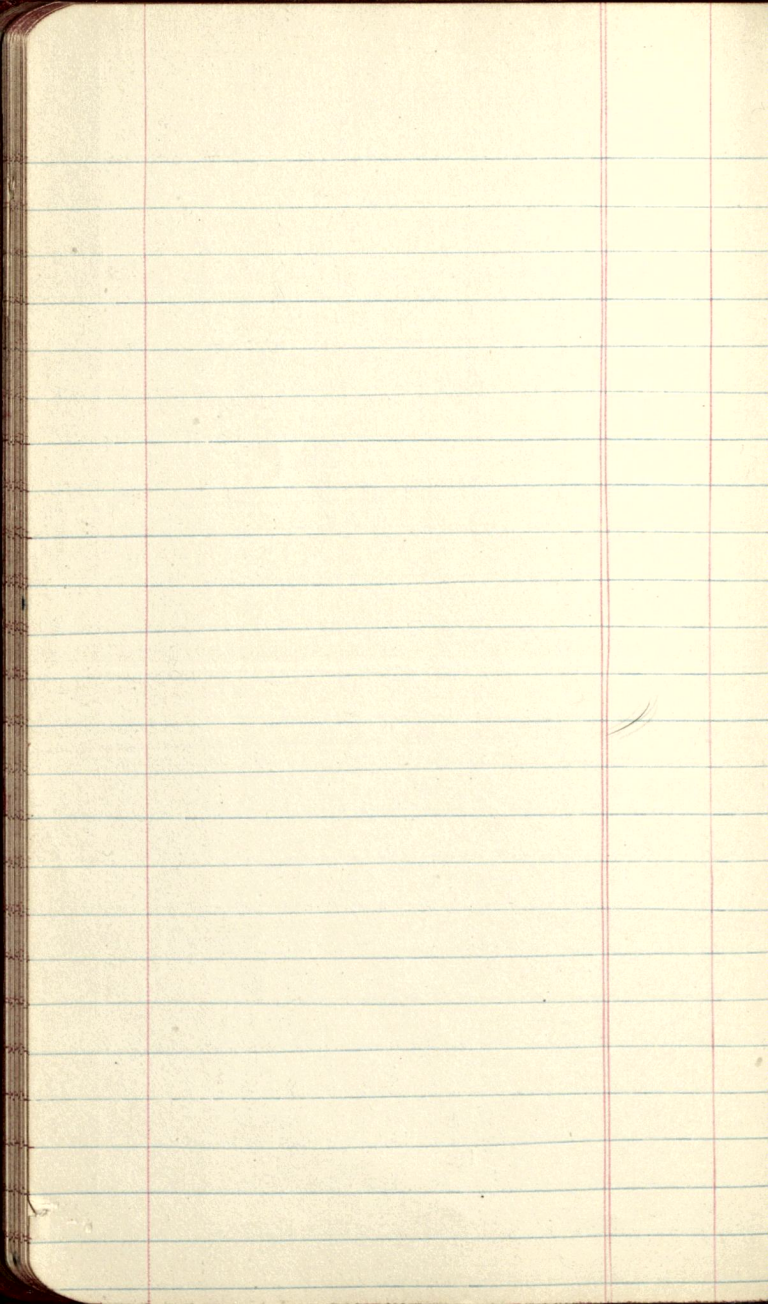


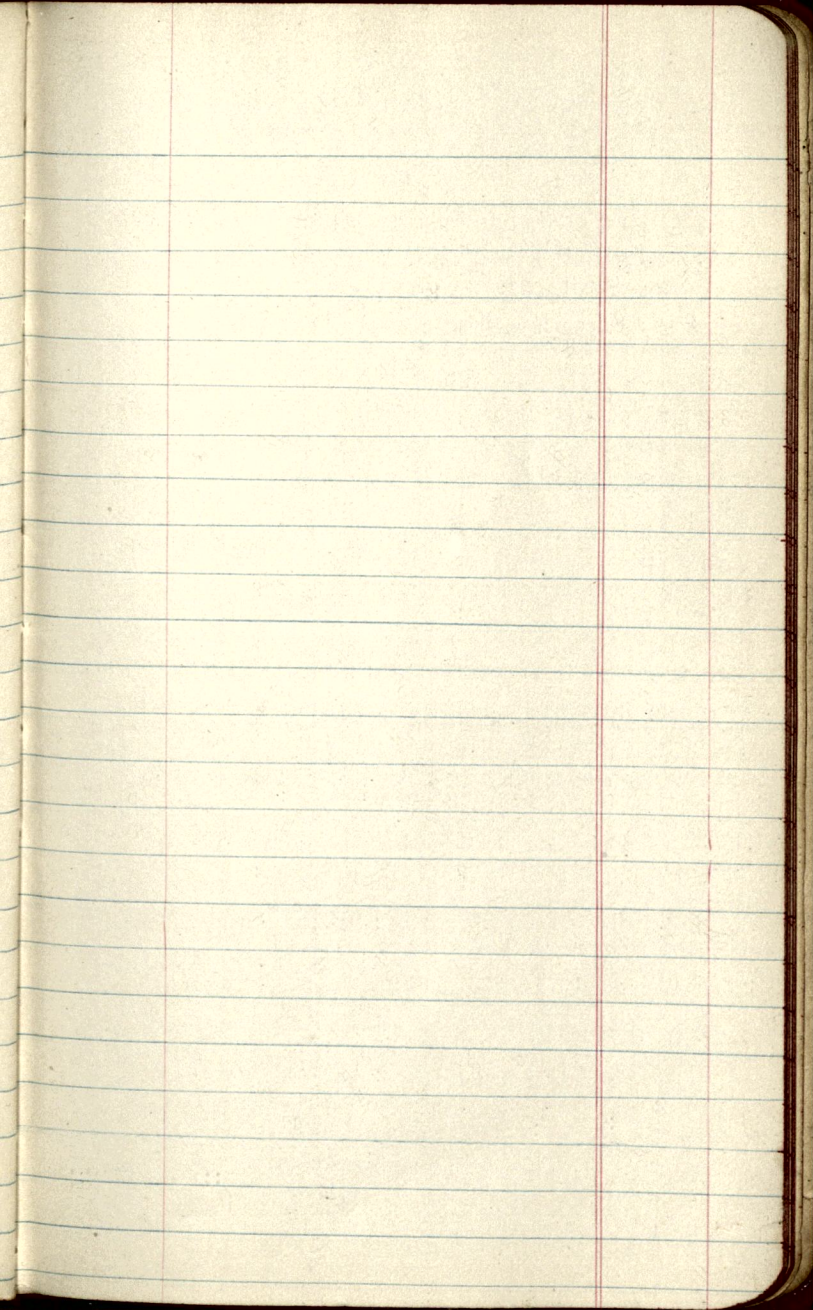


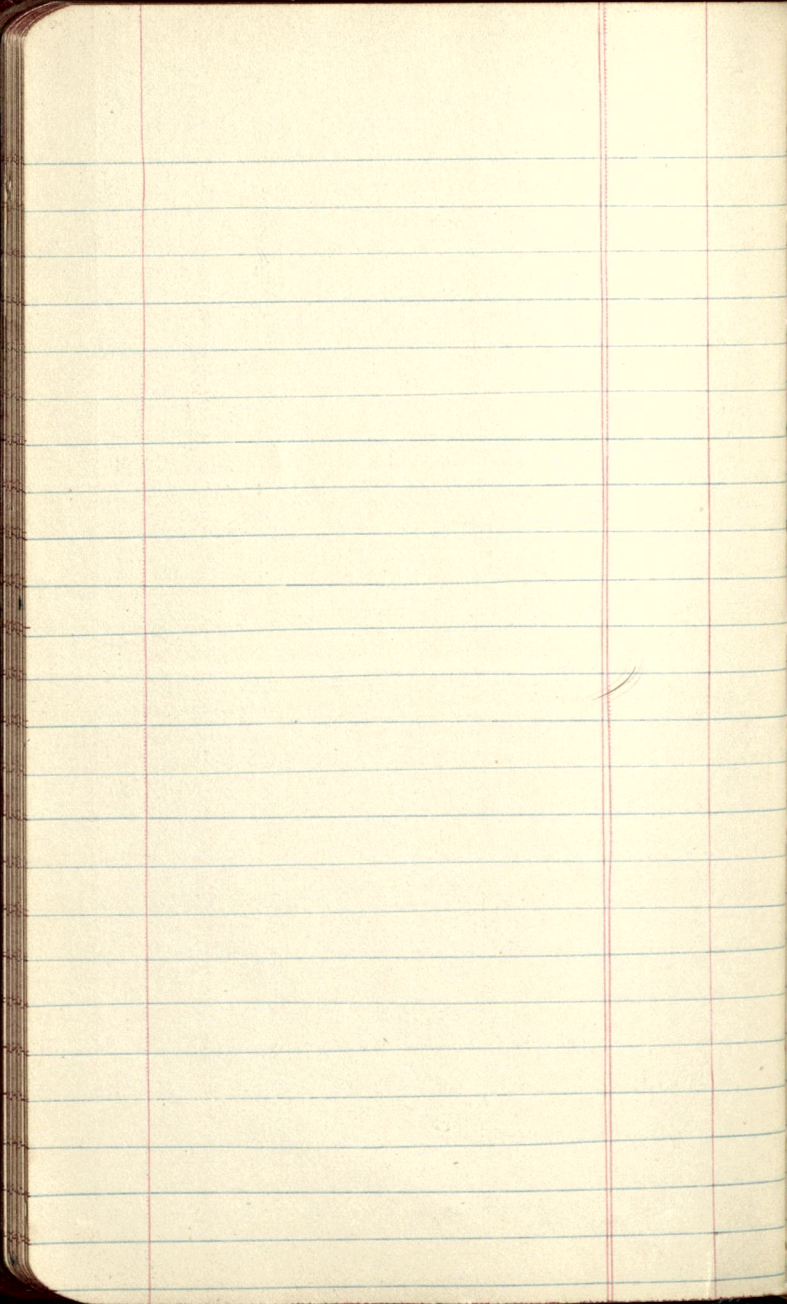


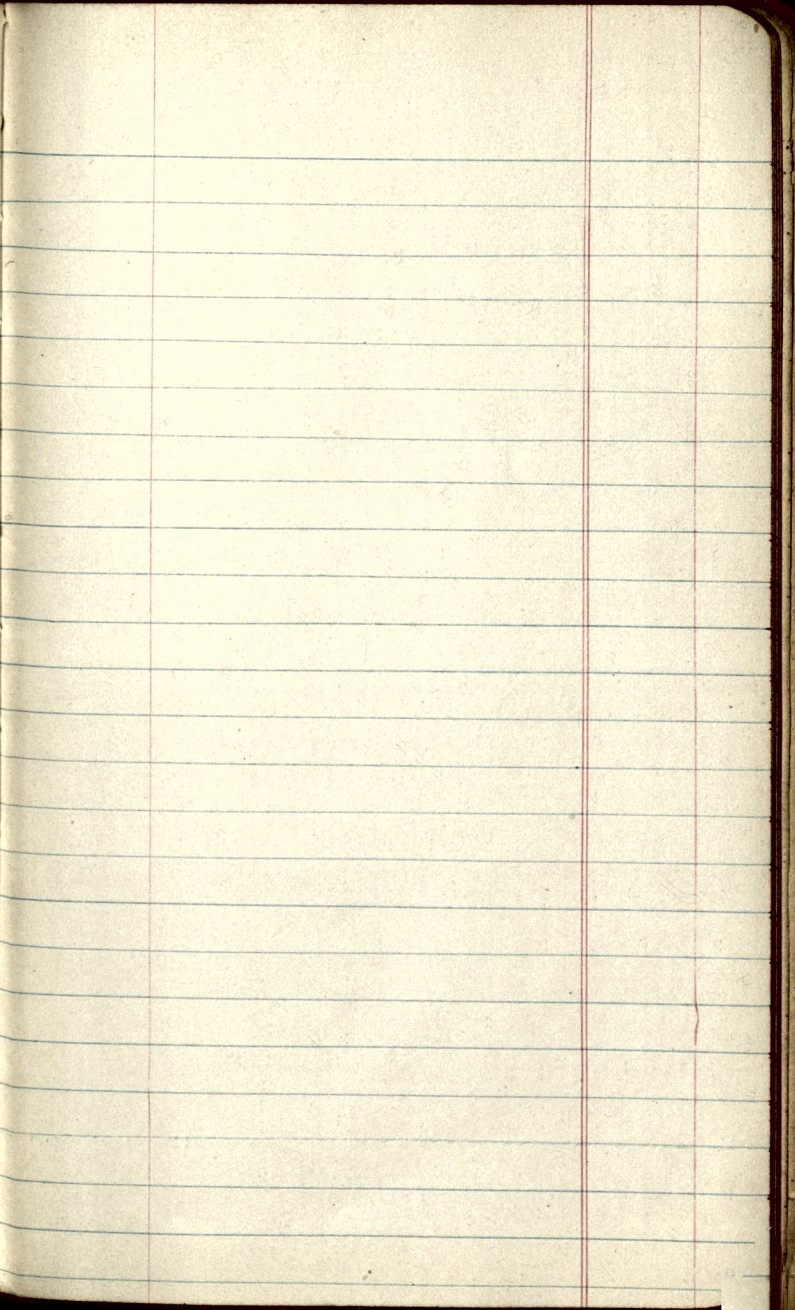


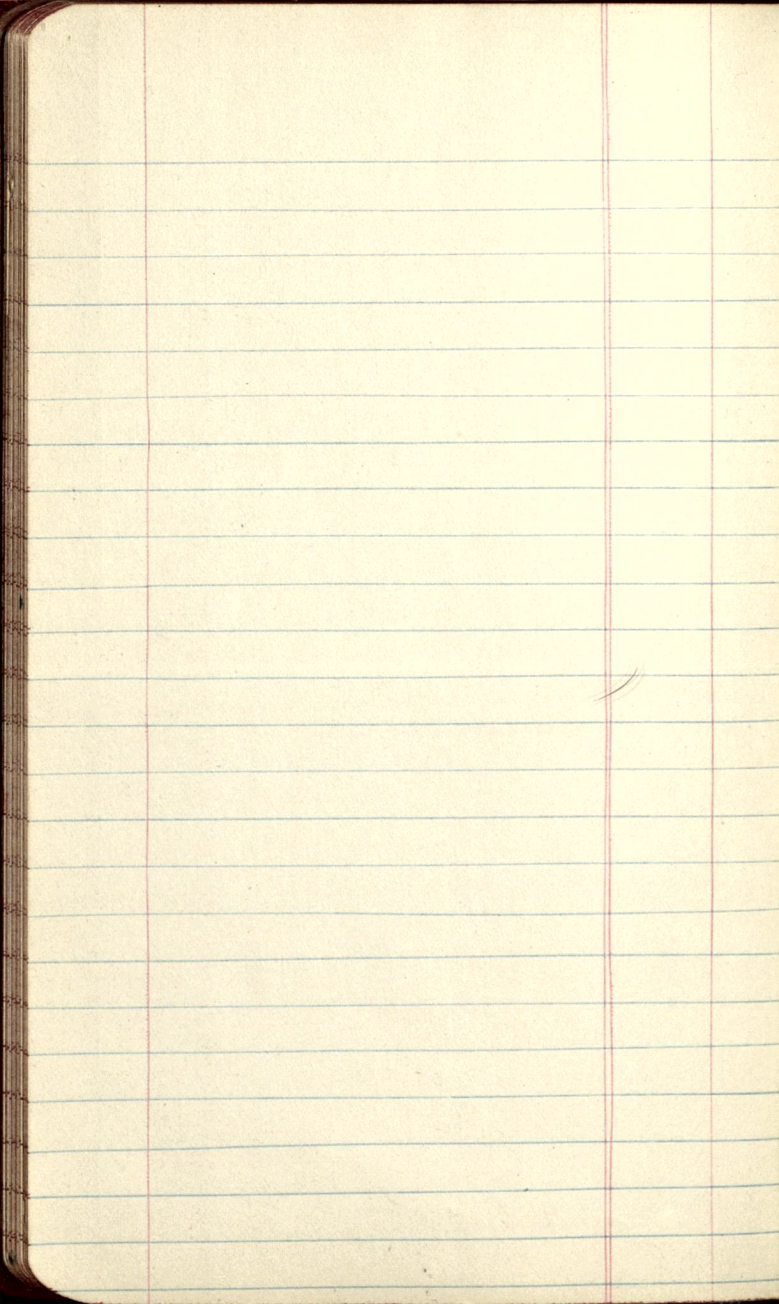


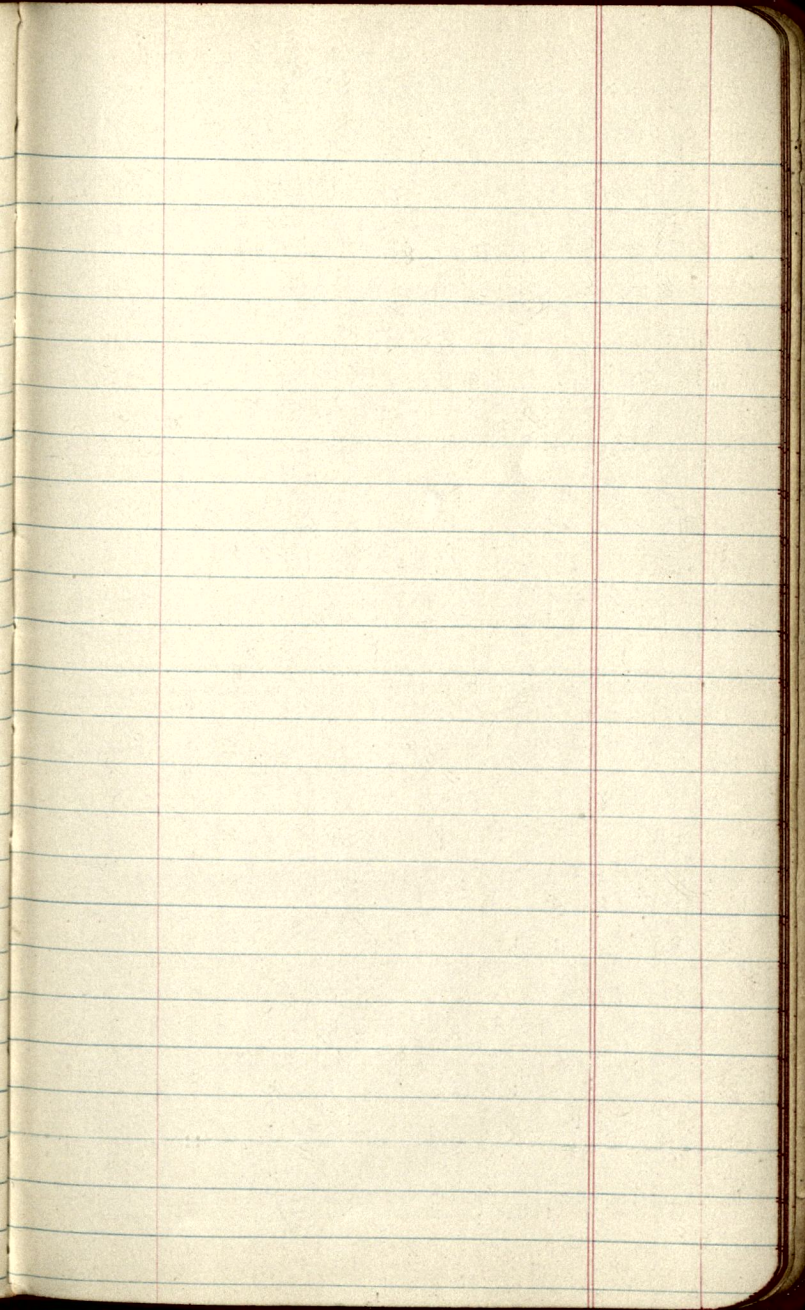


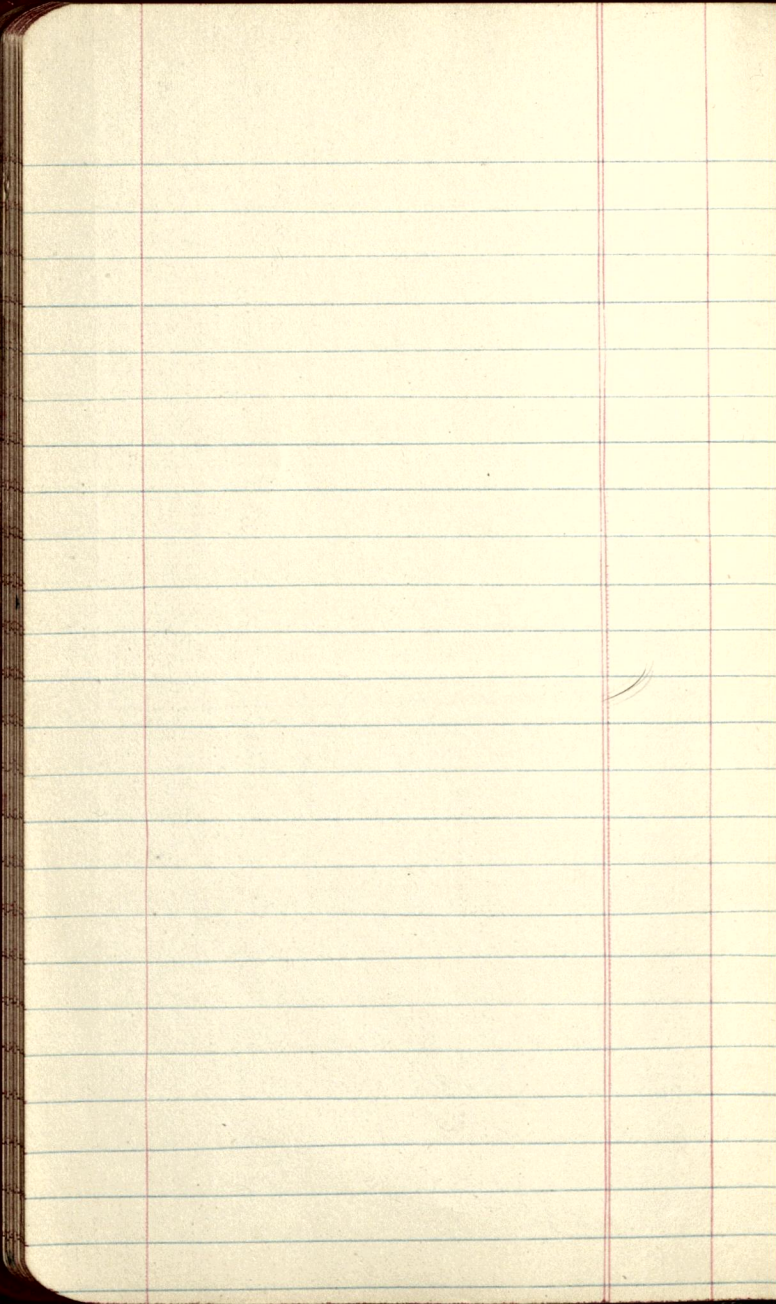


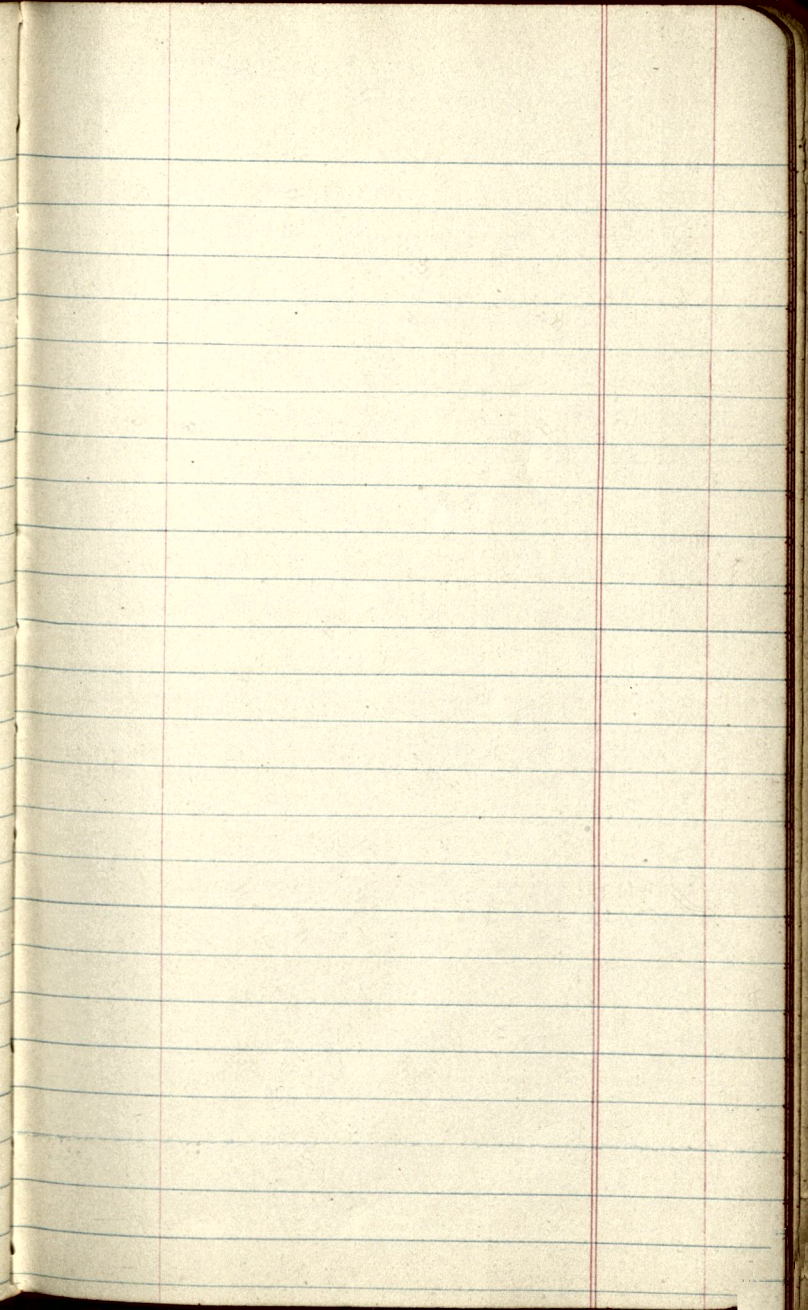


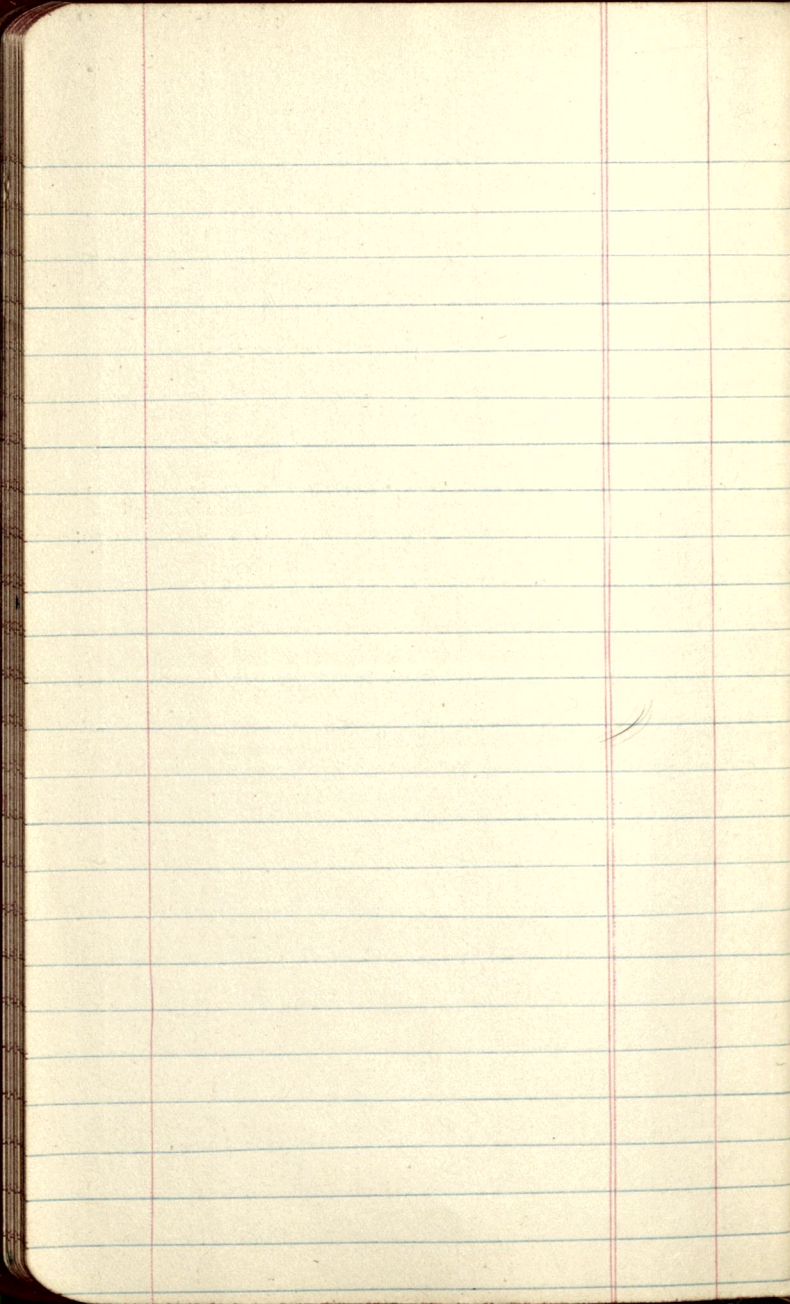


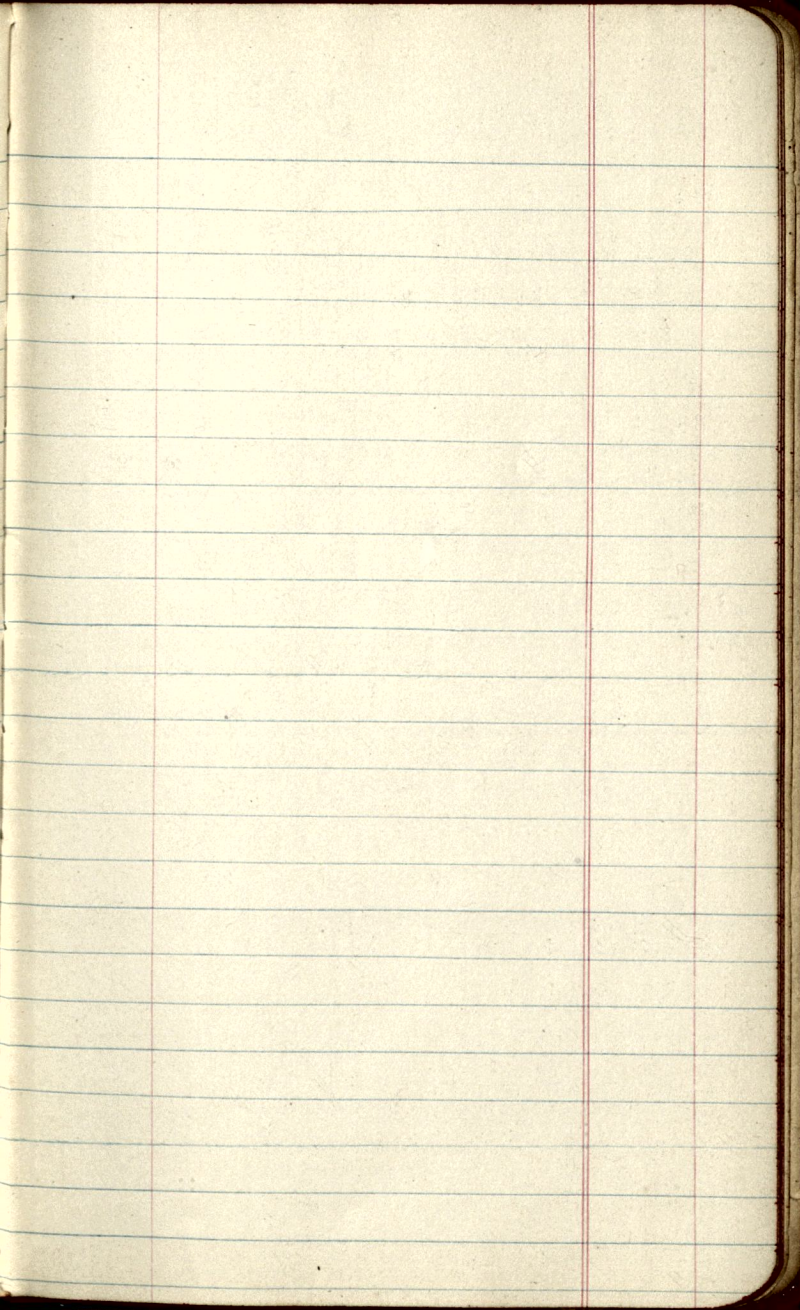


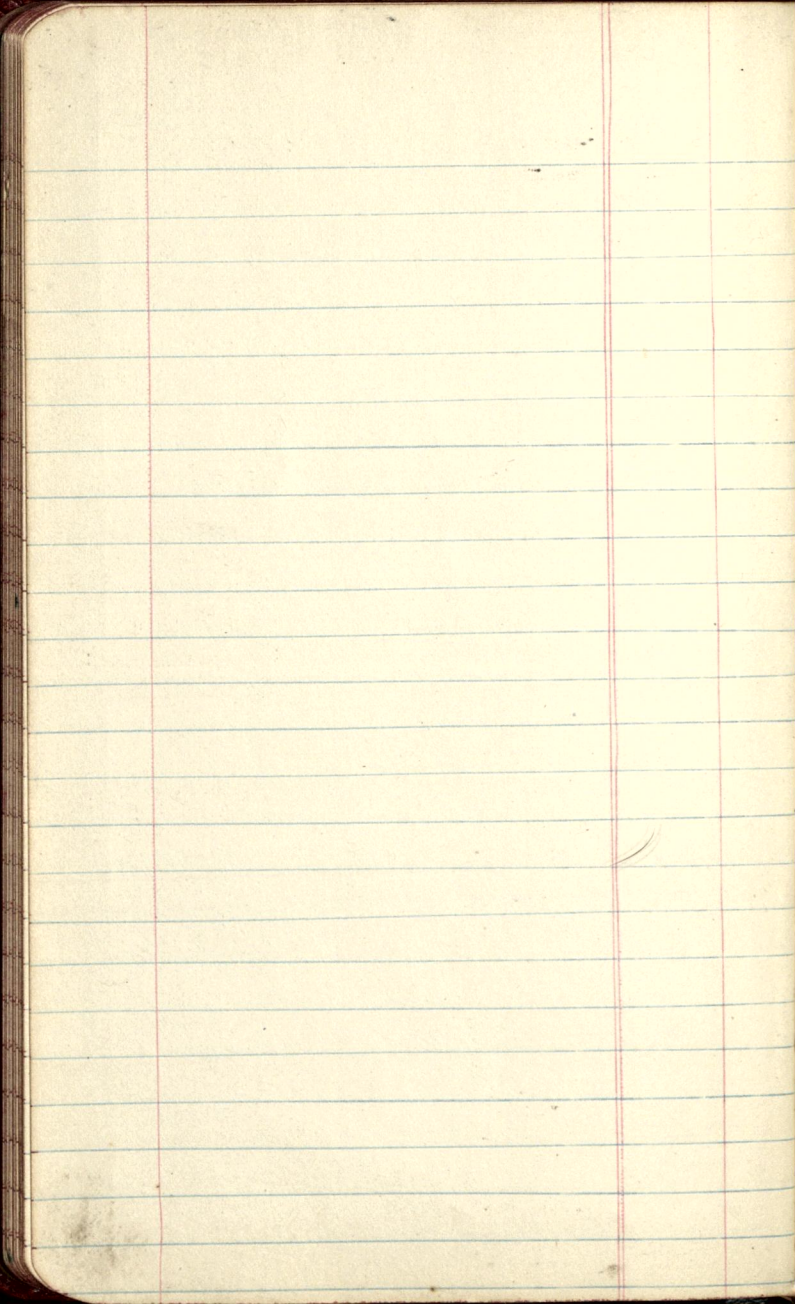


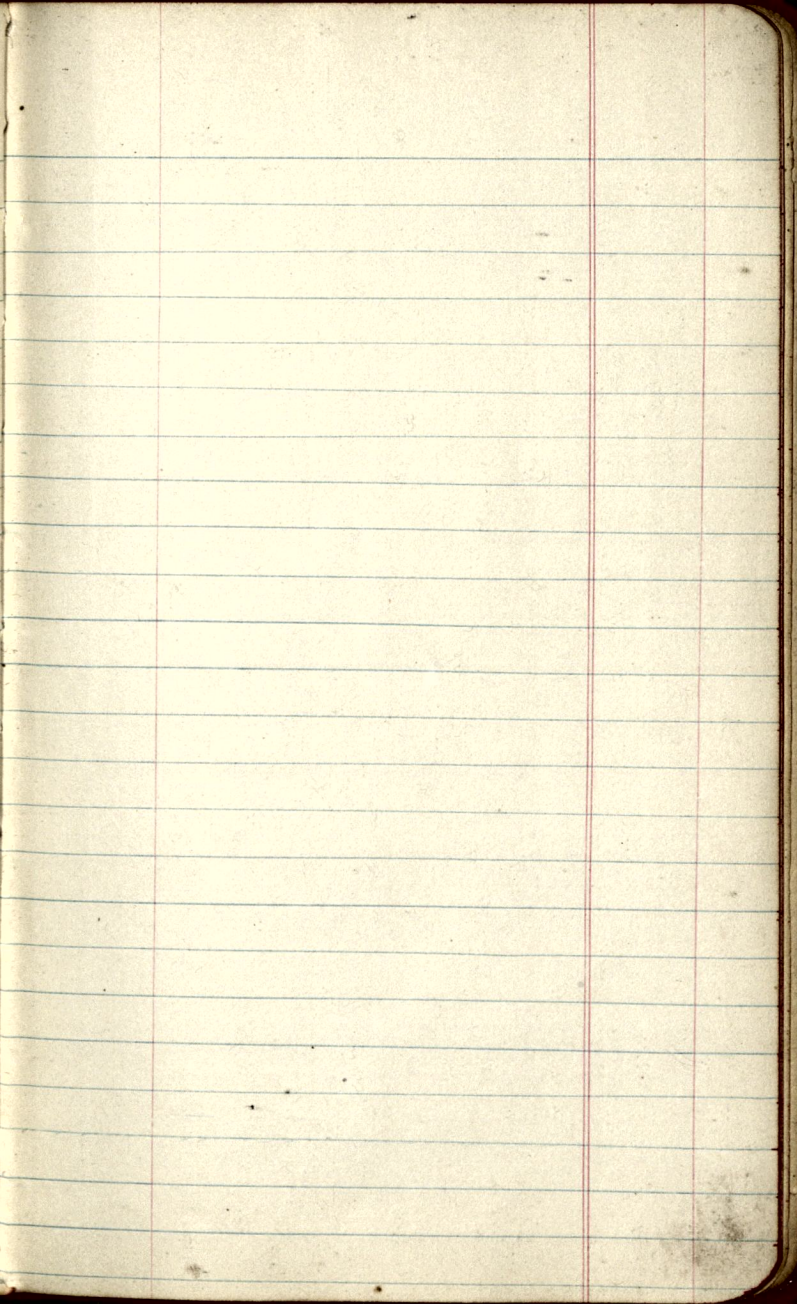


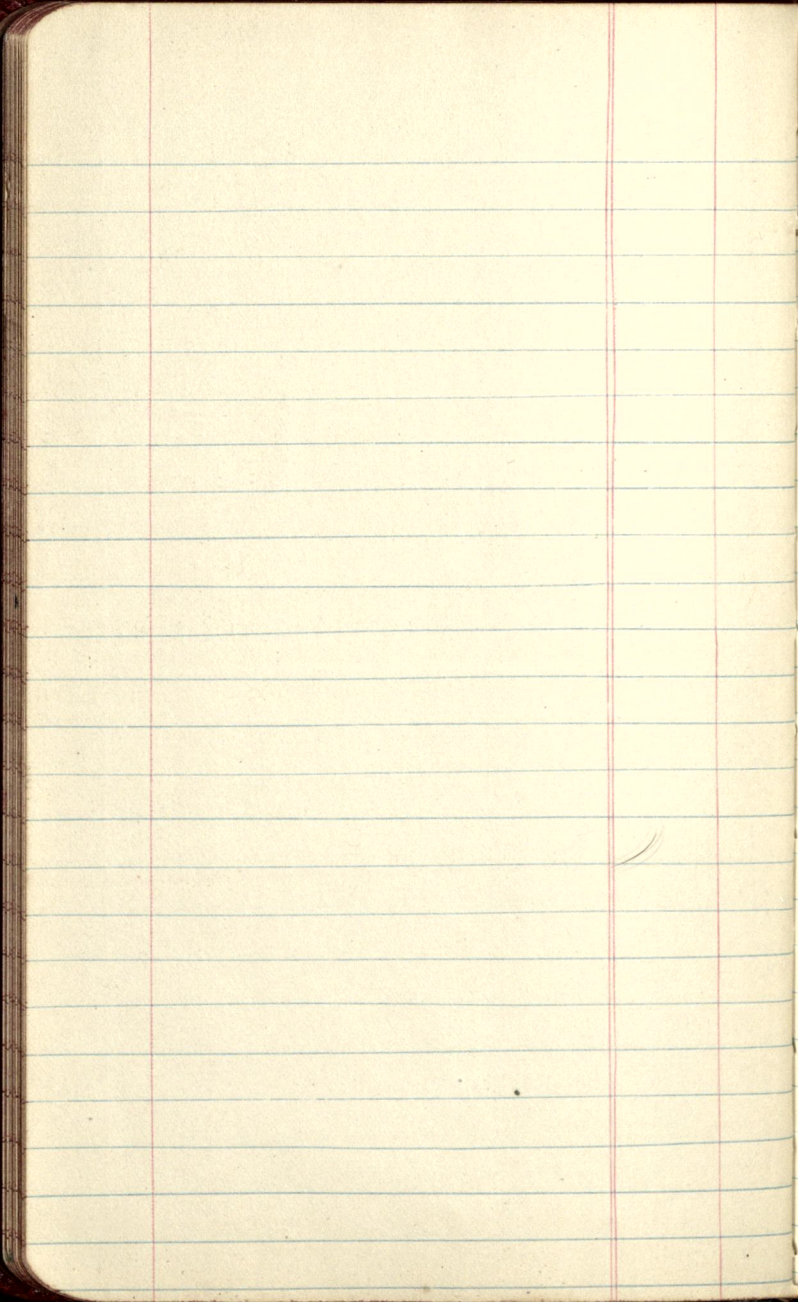


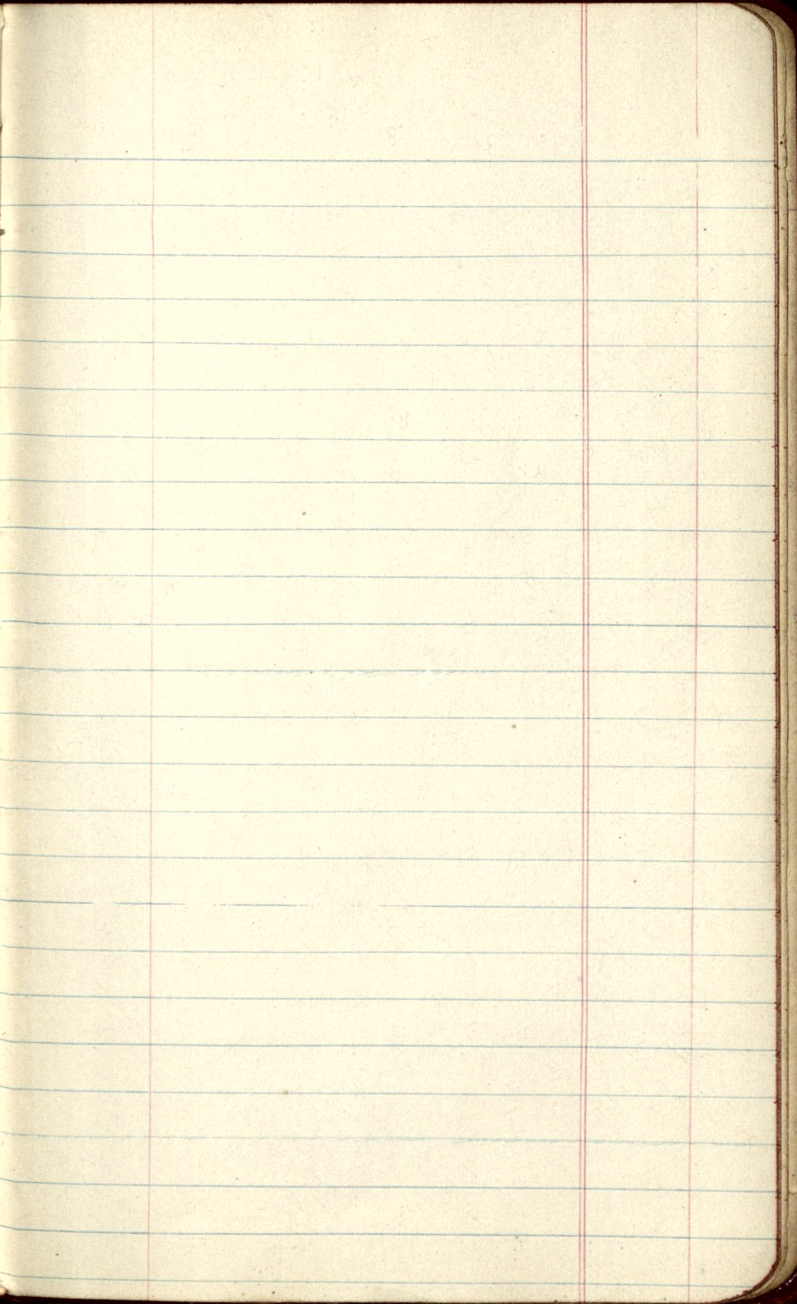


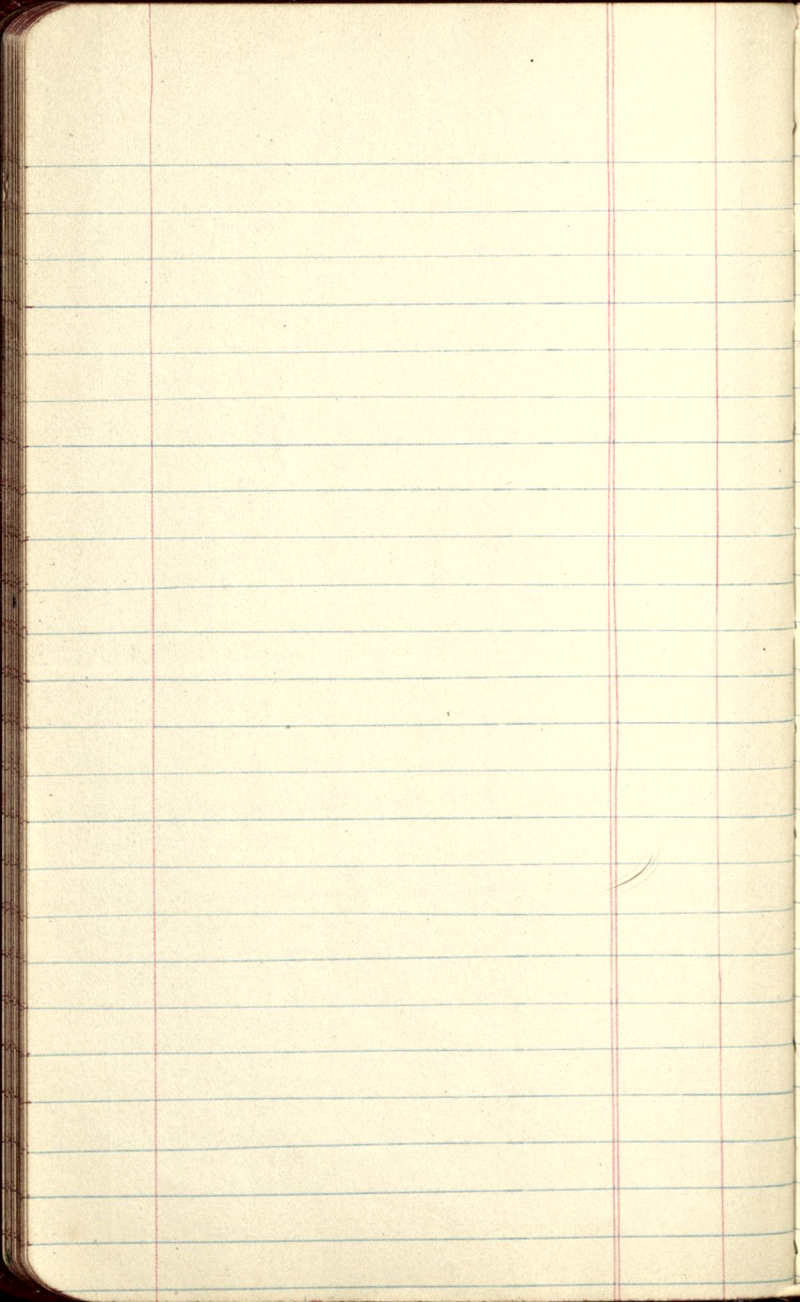


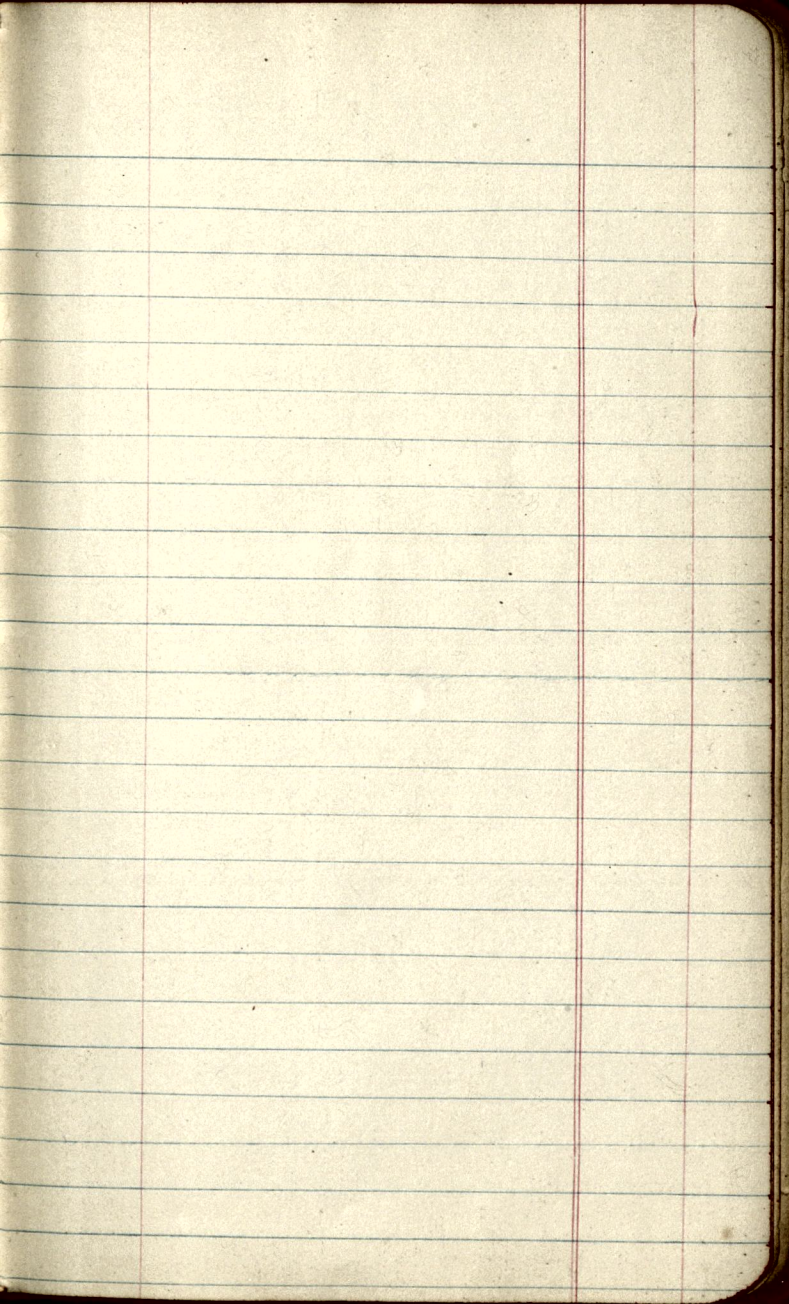


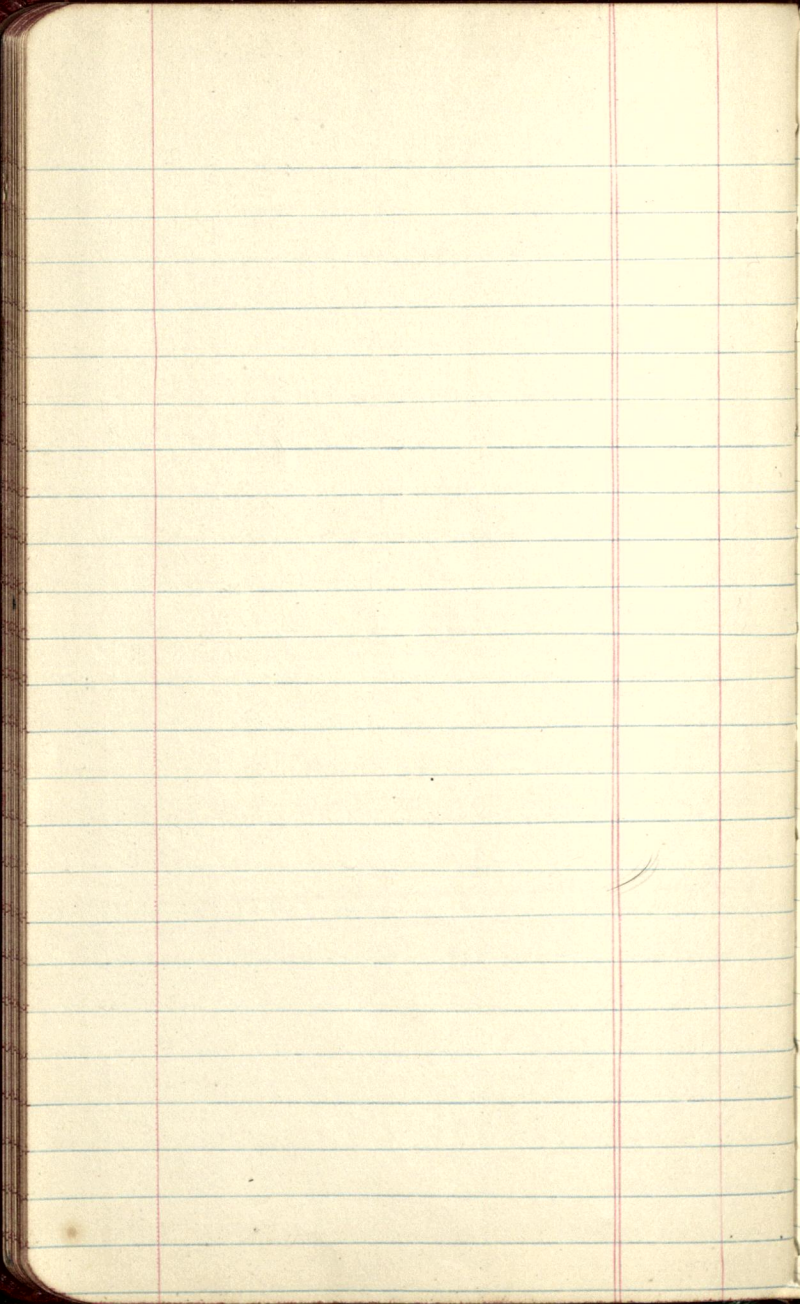


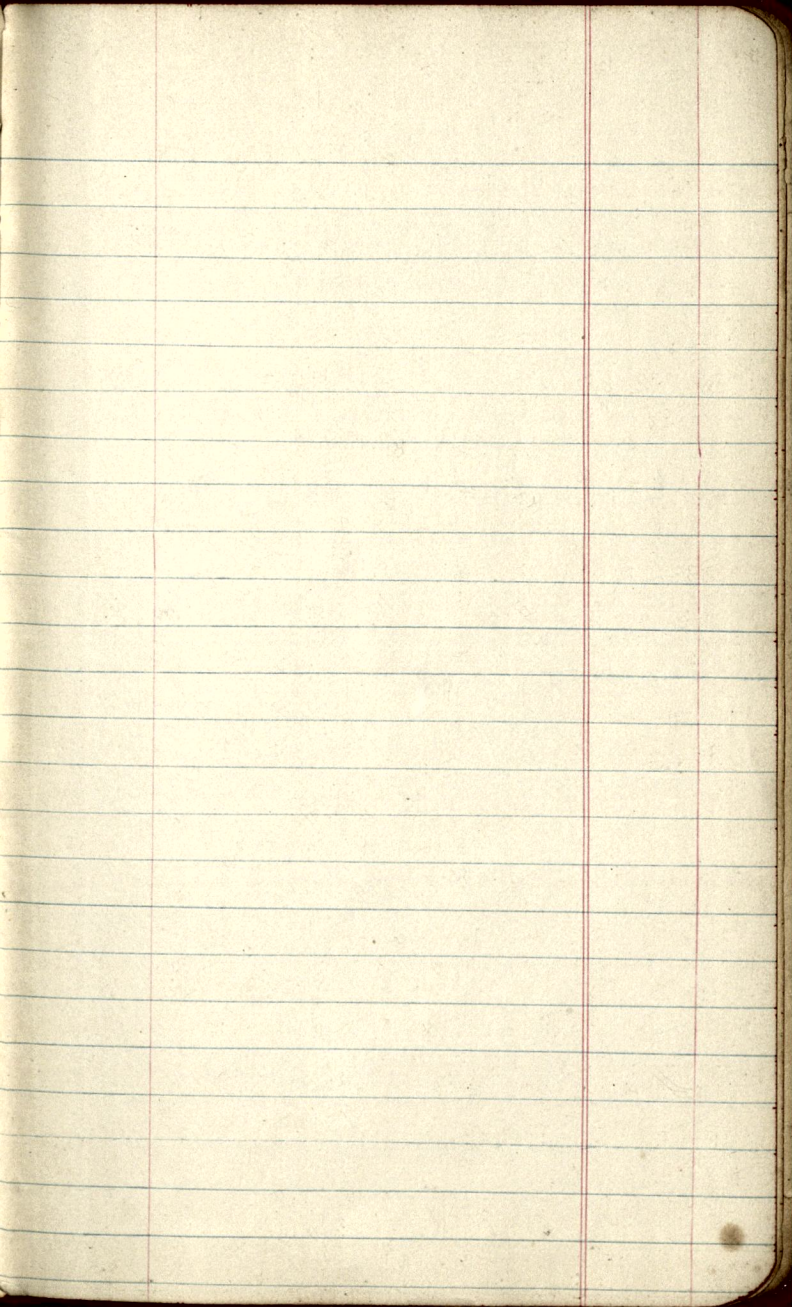


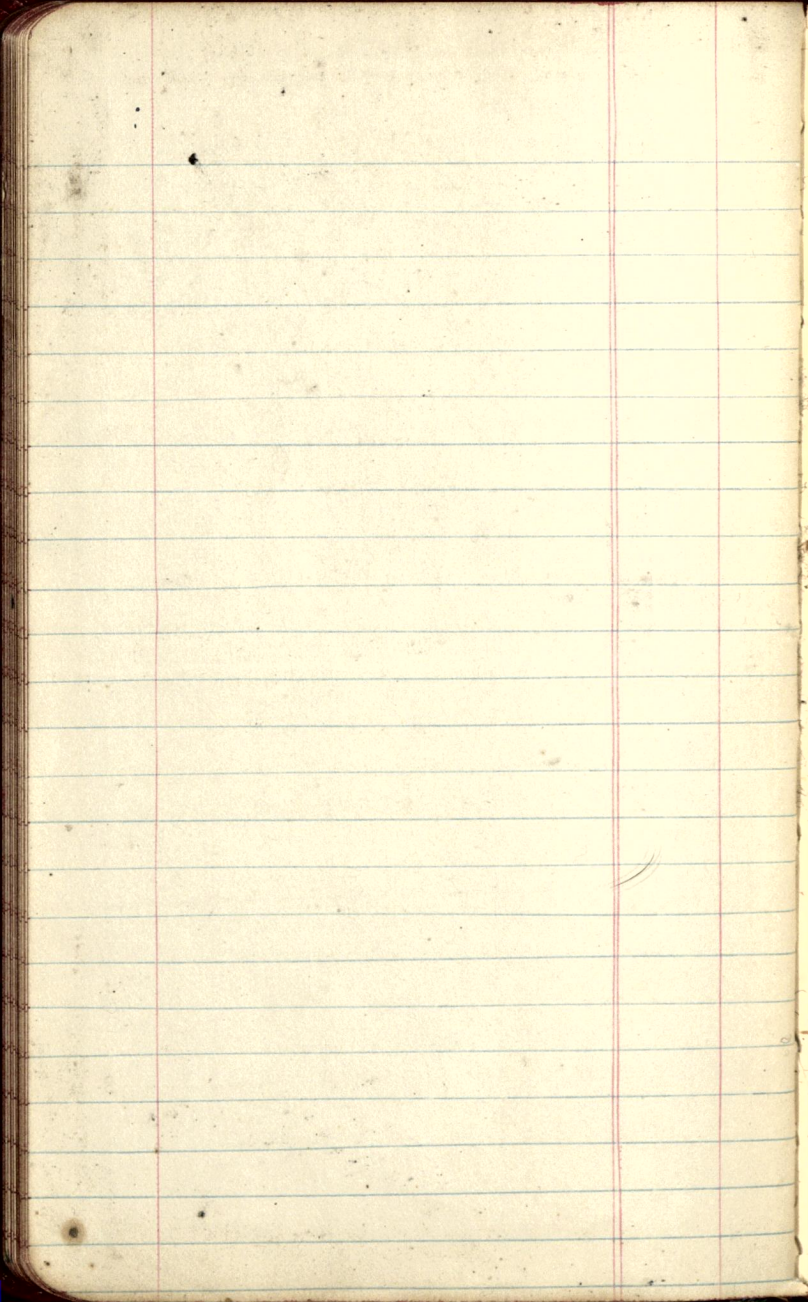


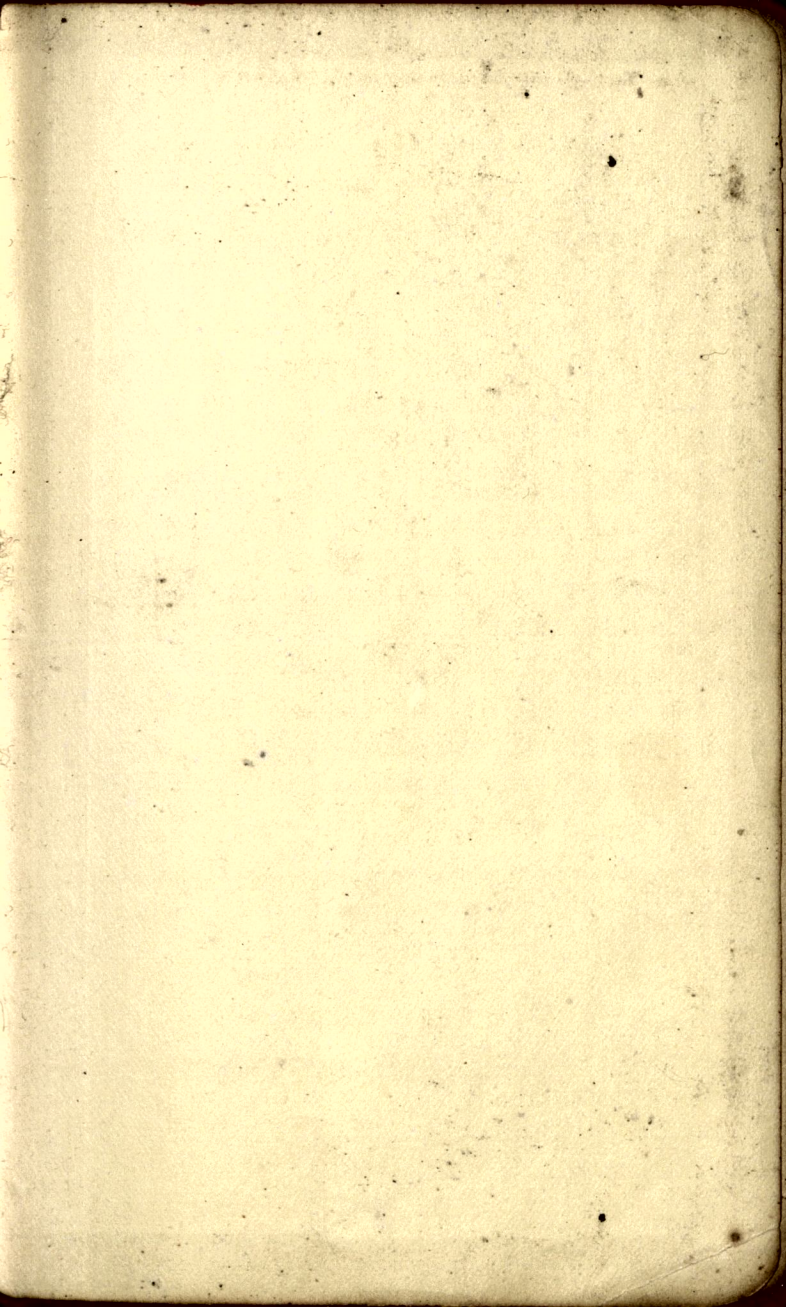












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